A MAN'S REACH

CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE

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"Mes livers sont mes meilleurs amis."

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A MAN'S REACH

OR

SOME CHARACTER IDEALS

A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?

—*Browning*

BY
CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE

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TO THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, AMONG WHOM I AM SPENDING SOME OF THE HAPPIEST YEARS OF MY HUMBLE MINISTRY, THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	FOREWORD	9
I.	IDEALS AND WHAT THEY COST	11
II.	WHAT IS MAN?	29
III.	HEROISM IN EVERYDAY LIFE	45
IV.	THE HUMAN HAND	57
V.	A CHEERFUL COUNTENANCE	71
VI.	THE CURE OF DOUBT	89
VII.	MONEY	103
VIII.	EVERY MAN A PENNY	129
IX.	WHAT IS LIFE?	147
X.	SELF-MASTERY	159
XI.	SYMPATHY	177
XII.	REVERENCE	191
XIII.	APPRECIATION	205
XIV.	THE GOSPEL OF REST AND HEALTH	219
XV.	THE BURNING BUSH	233
XVI.	GETTING ALONG WITH FOLKS	251
XVII.	"MASTER, SAY ON"	263

FOREWORD

THIS is not an ambitious volume, but is a modest contribution to a subject upon which much has been written. From the days when the Father of the Faithful went forth from Chaldea, "not knowing whither he went," down to the eloquent Roman orator who said, "Ideals are overtures of immortality," and on to Mazzini, who taught the young men of Italy to "love and venerate ideals, because ideals are the word of God," earnest men have been in pursuit of their ideals—the realization of their fondest dreams. Such men have momentum and destination. It is the achievement of the impossible which makes the human race possible. This book has no particular message except to those who believe that "the good is the enemy of the best." While each chapter is independent, yet these discussions are arranged in a natural sequence which makes each a part of all the others.

The author defines character as the fine art of giving up, and this ideal will be found running like a motif in music throughout these studies. Because in so many ways these pages fall short of the author's highest ideals he craves the indulgence of the amiable reader.

Los Angeles, California, March, 1914.

I
IDEALS AND WHAT THEY COST

A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or, what's a heaven for?

—*Robert Browning.*

The situation that has not its duty, its ideals, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal; work it out therefrom, and working, believe, live, be free. The ideal is thyself.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

He is a small man who can realize his ideal.—*Chancellor J. R. Day.*

CHAPTER I

IDEALS AND WHAT THEY COST

A MAN'S life will not be any higher or deeper or nobler than the standards he has lifted and the principles he has idealized.

In his masterful picture the artist Hofmann has given to us a representation of the rich young ruler who came to Jesus earnestly inquiring, "Good master, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" Jesus suggested to him that he should keep the Ten Commandments. Thereupon, with the zeal of true sincerity, the young man declared, "All these things have I kept from my youth up; what lack I yet?" There is no Pharisaical egotism in this statement, but it bears the marks of the honesty of endeavor; and our Lord so fully appreciated the integrity of the young man that, Mark says, "And Jesus beholding him, loved him." His character was attractive because it was adorned with Hebraic ideals, and the young man was probably as good an illustration as could be found of what the religion of the consistent Jew could accomplish for the individual.

The inimitable artist reproduces this interview at the instant of our Lord's reply, when, gracefully pointing to a half-clothed beggar at the

wayside, he says to his visitor, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me." Of course, the central and awe-inspiring feature of this masterpiece is our incomparable Lord himself—the impossible study and the despair of all artists, for Jesus Christ cannot be painted. The powerful contrast, however, is between two men, each born with equal rights—one bedecked with royal purple and fine linen, with the hems of his garments embroidered with jewels rare; the other with his bare shoulders exposed by relentless poverty, and his wan face and lean hands appealing for food, mercy and friends.

When Jesus said, "Go, and sell, and give to the poor, and come and follow me," he revealed to the young man the Christian ideal of self-denial and living. Jesus did not enjoin Edenic, or angelic, or absolute perfection, but a perfection of principle, of purpose, of pattern, and of vision. Christian idealism is the Christ realized, the spiritual materialized in human character. It is the vision of the Transfiguration Mountain crystallized into a ministry of sympathy to the swarming multitudes at the base of Hermon.

Ideals are revelations of God. In painting and poetry, in sculpture and in music, by as much as the masterpiece reaches the ideal by so much is it a revelation of God. Hence in Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" and Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Angelo's "David" and Handel's "Messiah" God

is speaking another word to his people. Ideal character is God's divinest revelation; and it is in the field of goodness that any man is justified in ambitious yearnings to reach the highest standards. He who approaches an ideal approaches God. He who achieves an ideal becomes a high priest of the Perfect One.

It used to be said of Lord Chatham, "There is something finer in the man than anything he has ever said." Yes, there is an unexpressed and inexpressible residue of the soul. It is the effort to apprehend and translate into the terms of life what the soul feels which enjoys rapturous interviews beyond Sinai's veil.

Dwells within the soul of every artist
More than all his efforts can express.

No great thinker ever lived and taught you
All the wonder that his soul received.

No true painter ever set on canvas
All the glorious vision he conceived.

No musician—
But be sure he heard and strove to render
Feeble echoes of celestial strains.

No real poet ever wove in numbers
All his dream.

Art and love speak, but their words must be
Like sighings of illimitable forests.

There are notes of music beyond those recorded by the infinitesimal filaments of the auditory nerve. The fourth dimension of space is an in-

tuitive reach of the mathematical mind for something beyond. The most thrilling messages we give to men are the truths we feel but cannot tell. Man's reach is far beyond his grasp, but in endeavoring to achieve an ideal we grasp some things which would otherwise be far and forever beyond our reach. Wordsworth describes in "The Excursion" a playful child holding a "smooth-lipped" sea-shell to his ear:

> Even such a shell the universe itself
> Is to the ear of faith; and there are times,
> I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
> Authentic tidings of invisible things;
> Of ebb and flow, and ever Enduring Power,
> And central peace subsisting at the heart
> Of endless agitation.

The real man is invisible, and his best associations must be with the things of the spiritual world. The true man is taller than his height, broader than his shoulders, handsomer than his profile, stronger than his right arm. His physical being is merely the point at which his nobler self as an inverted pyramid touches the earth—his real self expands toward the Infinite. Ideals are not only, as Cicero said, overtures of immortality, but they are overtures of life.

There is an Old Testament and a New Testament, but ideal character is God writing his Last Testament. The divinest privilege is that a holy man or woman may have a place in the volume of God's latest revelation to mankind. Lowell

perhaps had this thought in his heart when he sang:

God is not dumb, that he should speak no more!
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai—'tis thy soul is poor;
There towers the Mountain of the Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find—but he who bends
Intent on Manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves or leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

Ideal character must be our loftiest goal. In Edward Everett's great oration on Washington he said: "A great character founded upon the living rock of principle is, in fact, not a solitary phenomenon to be at once perceived, limited, and described. It is a dispensation of Providence designed to have not merely an immediate but a continuous, progressive, and never-ending agency. It survives the man who possesses it; survives his age; perhaps his country, his language."

"Character is higher than intellect." Character is greater than ability; character is achievement—it is a foregleam of immortality. That men who forsake their ideals lose their character may be read in the tragic records of the lamentable moral lapses of Solomon, Saul, Samson, Judas,

Aaron Burr, Benedict Arnold, Charles Parnell, and Napoleon. Men and women endeavoring to fulfill their ideals are making civilization—the John the Baptists, willing to decrease; the Pauls and Polycarps, obeying to their death their heavenly visions; the Savonarolas, Wesleys, and Knoxes, following their divine guidance until they become the pivots upon which epochs are turned. Put a man with a fact in his soul anywhere and he will soon gather a constituency. If he is incarcerated for preaching the gospel in the street he will write his convictions into a Pilgrim's Progress in a prison cell.

The lamented Pasteur said: "Happy is he who has a god in his heart; an ideal of beauty, art, the gospel virtues; these are the living sources of great actions. I cannot give up my work; I am within sight of the end. I feel the approach of discovery. Come what may, I have done my duty." If we would know what men and women can do for humanity, who have a god in their souls, we should linger for ecstatic hours upon the romantic achievements of Saint Francis, John Huss, John Ball, John Chrysostom, John Brown, William Taylor, William Booth, and George Williams; of Susanna Wesley and Frances Willard.

Riches are not the pivots upon which epochs turn, but idealized principles, such as home, and honesty, and purity, and service, and sympathy, and faith, and hope. Pivots turn not on money, but on man. Angelo, disappointed because, after

months of loving devotion to produce his ideal in the marble, there sat before him a dumb figure, hurls his mallet upon it with the shriek, "Why don't you speak to me?" Man is God's masterpiece. A masterpiece is a work in which the artist has invested the most of himself. God's investment of himself in man is man's chance for achievement and divinity. Alas, when man is content to sit a mass of lifeless clay, dumb in the presence of Him who waits for his praises and his petitions, his sincerest love, and his helpless cry. Man's opportunity lies in the fact that God has given to man a field of endeavor. God can and does do many things without man's help, but

> Not God himself can make man's best
> Without best men to help him. . . .
> . . . 'Tis God gives skill,
> But not without man's hand. He cannot make
> Antonio Stradivarius's violins
> Without Antonio.

Man's chance lies in following his divine ideals. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."

"Think on these things!" Only those who follow glistening stars will find the Messiah's manger. "Too low they build who build beneath the stars." One of the most elaborate and exquisite memorials

in the world has been erected in honor of Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh. It is said that the designer was so disappointed with his work that he took his own life. What must have been his ideal, if such a masterful achievement fell so far below it? It is said that Adam Smith died regretting that he had done so little; but even to-day his work entitled the Wealth of Nations, issued so far away as 1776, is still considered the greatest treatise on political economy.

Brother in hope, if you
Should ever pierce our Empyrean through
And find that perfect star
Whose beams we have not seen, yet know they are,
Say that I loved it, too,
But could not climb so far.

Truly, he is a small man who can be satisfied with his work, who can realize his ideal. The rich young ruler was satisfied with his achievements and "went away sorrowful."

I do not deem that it matters not,
How you live your life below;
It matters much to the heedless crowd
That you see go to and fro;
For all that is noble and high and good
Has an influence on the rest;
And the world is better for every one
Who is living at his best!

"Go and see Lincoln," said an ambitious lawyer to a client who had an undesirable case. "I do not dare to take your case; it would hurt me in politics; but you go to Lincoln; he is not afraid

of any unpopular case." That was an opinion of a professional rival. Lincoln was never afraid of any case except a dishonest one. That was Abraham Lincoln's ideal.

He has not wrought in vain who is working up to his highest ideals, notwithstanding his limitations or environment. There is a legend of a humble woman whose duty it was to sweep out the stately cathedral, and she longed to serve at the altars and do some noble work for Christ. One day Jesus appeared to her and said, "Daughter, thou sweepest well my floor."

But such ideals cost, and only those who pay the price can attain. They cost struggle, and sacrifice, and service, and abstinence, and self-denial, and sometimes even life itself. Napoleon would not pay the price, and Byron wrote:

> To think that God's fair world hath been
> The footstool of a thing so mean. . . .
> But who would soar the solar height
> To set in such a starless night?

Calvary's terrific tragedy had certain diabolical touches, as when His vile persecutors "passed by, wagging their heads," or as they cast lots for His seamless coat, or as when, "sitting down, they watched him there"; but the climax of refined cruelty was presumed to be reached when sarcastic high priests, with robes of hypocrisy and hearts of hell, vindictively hurled their poisonous venom upon Him by saying: "He saved others; himself he cannot save." Fiends incarnate, thank you

for your word. Even devils can unintentionally tell the truth. Yes, he did save "others"; "others" —a whole world of "others"; and it was true that he could not save himself. If he had saved himself, he could not have saved others. He came to be the world's Saviour—that was his sublime ideal. The cost was that he would spend himself —thank God! Jesus was willing to pay the price.

There is a law of service, of sacrifice and salvage. Those who save others cannot save themselves. Those who would gain a character must give. Character is the fine art of giving up. If we would get, we must give. It is hard to get, harder to give, and hardest to give up; but to the hero in search of his ideal, it may be hard to get, but it is easier to give, and easiest to give up.

Edward Spencer saved a score of lives far back in his school days at Evanston, when he went to the imperiled passengers of the wrecked and sinking Lady Elgin, but he lost his health, and for a whole generation he has lived in southern California in invalidism and infirmity. As he was coming back to consciousness, after days of almost fatal illness, he said to his anxious brother, "Will, did I do my best? did I do my best?" Yes, he did his best, and in so doing "he saved others," but he lost himself. A plain street-preacher once said, "I have never been to college, but I have been to Calvary."

Didn't know Flynn, Flynn of Virginia?
  Long as he's been yar?
Lookee here, stranger, Where hev you been?
Here in this tunnel, He was my partner,
  That same Tom Flynn,
Working together in wind and weather,
  Day out and in.

Thar in that drift, back to the wall,
He held the timbers ready to fall,
Thar in the darkness I heard him call:
  "Run for your life, Jake;
  Run for your wife's sake.
Don't wait for me!" And that was all
  Heard in the din,
  Heard of Tom Flynn, Flynn of Virginia.

That's all about Flynn of Virginia,
That lets me out, here in the damp
Out of the sun, that 'ar derned lamp
  Makes my eyes run,
  Well, then—I'm done.

But, sir, when you'll hear the next fool
Askin' of Flynn, Flynn of Virginia,
Just you chip in; say you knew Flynn,
  Say that you been thar.

Thus does our own Bret Harte in homely measure tearfully emphasize the scripture, "Go sell all thou hast." Tom Flynn, Flynn of Virginia, could save others, but he lost himself. We may theoretically accept highest ideals, but if we do not pay the price, they will not be really incorporated into our lives. William McKinley is enshrined forever in the love and memory of a grateful nation. He was our ideal American, with

chivalrous devotion the knightly defender of the home, the church, and the nation. Some months ago a cousin of the late President was sentenced to thirty days in jail for a misdemeanor. As he was led away from the prisoner's dock by an officer he broke down and cried: "My God! why did I do it? I have shamed the name of the great McKinley." Poor fellow, he knew the way, he was acquainted with the best ideals, but he would not pay the price.

No man can get out of his life what was not deposited there by inheritance, environment, culture, or grace. It is what one gives out that develops his character. Christ is the best. After Romanes had tried all phases of unbelief he returned to God's altars, saying, "It is Christianity or nothing." A brave French soldier was wounded in the breast. As the surgeon with his knife sought to find the bullet the suffering man said, "Probe a little deeper, Doctor, and you will find Napoleon." Only those who can truly love are able to appreciate truest love. "Himself he cannot save." That is the price of saving others. Whoever loses his life for humanity's sake shall find it. The price is large, but the prize is greater. Pay the price! get the prize!

"Make me a statue," said the King,
"Of marble white as snow;
It must be pure enough to stand
Before the throne at my right hand;
The niche is waiting. Go!"

The sculptor heard the King's command,
And went upon his way;
He had no marble; but he went
With willing mind and high intent
To mold his thought in clay.

Day after day he wrought the clay,
But knew not what he wrought;
He sought the help of heart and brain,
But could not make the riddle plain—
It lay beyond his thought.

To-day the statue seemed to grow,
To-morrow it stood still;
The third day all went well again;
Thus, year by year, in joy and pain,
He served his Master's will.

At last his lifelong work was done;
It was a fateful day;
He took his statue to the King,
And trembled like a guilty thing,
Because it was but clay.

"Where is my statue?" asked the King.
"Here, Lord," the sculptor said.
"But I commanded marble!" "True,
I had not that—what could I do
But mold in clay instead?"

"Thou shalt not unrewarded go,
Since thou hast done thy best;
The statue shall acceptance win,
It shall be as it should have been,
For I will do the rest."

He touched the statue, and it changed;
The clay falls off, and, lo!
A marble shape before him stands,
The perfect work of heavenly hands,
An angel pure as snow.

If you have not marble, work in clay. If you have not riches, work in poverty. If you have not influence, work in obscurity. If you have not been to college, go to Calvary and Olivet. Be sure to go to Calvary. Self is not worth keeping. Give it away to Christ and humanity.

A rustic placed an eagle's egg under a sitting goose. By and by a young eagle strutted about the barnyard with the other fowls, supposing it was created for filth and confusion. But one day a great eagle came down and touched the young bird. It began to rise; the older bird flew beneath it and rested it on its strong pinion. Emboldened, the inexperienced bird rose higher, and higher still, until it too could poise itself in the highest heaven, and build its nest among the crags. So the touch of Truth awakens inborn royalty. We respond: we leave the levels low and follow Truth to pinnacles lofty; and the children of a King may come to their own, wearing crowns of power and wielding scepters of love and light.

In a humble Scotch home, as a boy stood beside his dying mother, she asked him if God should call him to the ministry if he would accept it. The broken-hearted boy promised his mother he would not refuse. Five years passed away, during which time the boy had completed his preparation for the ministry. He had sadly drifted away from the sacred ideals held by his sainted mother. He thought he was ready to

abandon most of the fundamental doctrines of the old-fashioned religion in which he had been faithfully reared, and was doubtful about the Scriptures, and was regarding Christ as a good man rather than a Divine Redeemer. It was Friday night, and the next Sunday he was to preach his first sermon in his own church. For many weeks he had been in preparation for this great event. He sat in front of the fire glancing over the pages of his manuscript, and contemplating with pride the result of months of faithful deliberation. This first sermon was to contain a résumé and comprehensive statement of his new and sensational theology.

As he sat and mused, his sainted mother seemed to be near. His affection for his guarding angel had tenderly increased during the hurrying years —and tears came out upon his cheek, and there was a sob in his heart as he longed to have her present for his first sermon. Then, again, he feared that she would be shocked and grieved with the change which had come over his doctrinal faith, and especially when he would speak his conclusions concerning Jesus. In his deepest soul, for the first time in many months, he began to wonder whether he had not been mistaken when he had taken the crown of divinity from the Person of his Lord. He fell to his knees and prayed for light and leading. As he prayed he seemed to hear his mother speak to him once more as she did in her parting words to him,

saying: "An' the first day ye preach in yer ain kirk, speak a gude word for Jesus Christ. An', John, I'll hear ye that day, though ye'll no see me, an' I'll be satisfied." And John arose from his knees and placed the sermon manuscript in the fire and watched it until it was consumed.

He spent the next day in the preparation of a new sermon, the subject of which was Jesus Christ. Sunday morning, when he preached with fervent liberty and tender ministry to the village people, most of whom had known him from his childhood, and who loved and revered the memory of his sainted mother, Ian Maclaren says: "The women were weeping quietly, and the rugged faces of the men were subdued and softened, as when the evening sun plays on the granite stone." John did, indeed, "speak a gude word for Jesus," and he called it "his mother's sermon."

II
WHAT IS MAN?

A man's a man for a' that.—*Robert Burns.*

The precious porcelain of human clay.—*Lord Byron.*

> Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
> Still by himself abused and disabused;
> Created half to rise and half to fall;
> Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
> Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
> The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.
>
> —*Alexander Pope.*

CHAPTER II

WHAT IS MAN?

ASTRONOMY is the oldest of the sciences. In the earlier times it was closely related to astrology, and the science of the one was often mingled with the superstition of the other. Astronomy may have had its birth in Chaldea, India, or Egypt. Thales, Pythagoras, and Ptolemy lead in an illustrious procession in which may be found such celebrated names as Copernicus and Kepler; Galileo, who first explored the heavens with a telescope; Newton; and Tycho Brahe, the distinguished Dane.

The means by which men have been able to read the hieroglyphics of the skies are the telescope, so powerful that the print of our daily paper may be read twenty miles away; the microscope, which will enlarge a hair to the size of a lead pencil; the spectroscope, which reveals the constituent parts of a luminous body; the law of gravity, by which men are able to compute the relations of one body to another; and the calculus, by which the mathematician can exactly calculate the distance, density, and velocity of heavenly bodies. These have proven an Open Sesame which has compelled the caverns of the firmament to unlock their fabulous splendors.

The nebular hypothesis of Kant and Herschel has constituted a good working theory, and was reenforced by La Place, Leibnitz, and Winchell. This theory holds that in the beginning all the universe was a nebula, or fire mist, from which by gravitation and crystallization all heavenly bodies were formed. By the aid of delicate and ingenious instruments and intricate mathematical methods the marvels of the astronomical world are revealed unto us, and in the ecstasy of our increased knowledge we sing with the warrior king, "The heavens declare the glory of God."

Behold the sky! By the ancients it was thought to be an immense crystal shell, held in its place by the shining-headed nails which the stars were supposed to be. Sweep the heavens with the telescope, and space is found to be limitless; and beyond our atmosphere, which extends about fifty miles, all is dark and cold under the perpetual reign of unbroken silence. We have given up believing that the earth rested upon a tortoise, which in turn also rested upon the coil of a huge snake. All heavenly bodies are suspended in space, and the sky is filled with an innumerable throng of suns, planets, satellites, comets, fixed stars, and nebulæ.

Behold the sun! The center of a mighty system; a self-luminous body, with a diameter of 885,000 miles. The sun is 800,000 times larger than all the planets and satellites which com-

prise the system. And if the great sun were hollow, there could be tumbled into it 352,000 globes like our earth.

The planets which have been thrown off by the sun are distant from their powerful center in miles as follows: Mercury, 37,000,000; Venus, 68,000,000; Earth, 91,000,000; Mars, 145,000,000; Jupiter, 495,000,000; Saturn, 900,000,000; Uranus, 1,800,000,000, and Neptune, 2,800,000,000. In diameter Mercury is the smallest, 3,000 miles, and Jupiter, the largest, 89,000 miles. Mercury, with a velocity of 109,000 miles per hour, makes the circuit of the sun in three months, while it requires Neptune 164 years to make the journey. The earth moves at the speed of 68,000 miles per hour; its circumference is 25,000 miles, and its one moon is distant 240,000 miles. Jupiter has five moons, perhaps more, according to the Lick Observatory astronomers; and Uranus six, while Saturn is rich in eight moons and three rings. We stop long enough in our bewildering investigations to shout, "The firmament showeth his handiwork."

Behold the fixed stars and the sun systems! No fixed star is nearer to the earth than 100,000 times 190,000,000 miles. Alpha Centauri, the nearest fixed star, is 260,000 times the distance of the sun. Each of these stars is a sun with its own planetary system. Behold the North Star, which from most ancient times has guided the mariner over the wide seas. It is a sun, perhaps a double

sun, which is equal to eighty-six of our suns. If there is a man forty-six years of age, let him remember, as he looks at the North Star, that the ray of light which falls upon his vision has been on its way since the day of his birth. Behold the Pleiades! Were the light of these stars to be extinguished, so far distant are they from us that they would continue to shine to us for 700 years. And the Milky Way, which was once thought to be a disused path of the sun, and has been called the dust of the spheres, is composed of 18,000,000 suns, each with its own system of planets.

And the comets! Once they brought war or pestilence; once they were the souls of good men on their way to heaven. The comet of 1680 appears every 9,000 years, its velocity is 884,000 miles per hour, and it is distant from the sun 4,300,000,000 miles; and the comet of 1810, with a diameter of 947,000 miles, makes a visit once in 4,000 years; the train which follows is 132,000,000 miles in length. It would take an express train 500,000 years without stopping to cover the distance from the sun to the comet of 1880. All of these heavenly bodies revolve about a common point, Alcyone in the Pleiades, the center of motion. It takes our system 20,000,000 years to travel around its ellipse. Sirius is eight and one half "light years" from the earth, Polaris seventy, Arcturus four hundred and thirty, and Alcyone five hundred; while our sun is only

eight and one half minutes in sending a beam of light 90,000,000 miles to the earth.

Tell me, where are there such illustrations of the majesty and wisdom and perfection and power of the Almighty? Every glistening orb in yonder heavens is an eloquent preacher of righteousness: "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." Who can remain atheistic in the presence of such might and mysteriousness? "The undevout astronomer is mad."

During Napoleon's invasion of Egypt, one starry night his savants were discussing the question of God, and by elaborate arguments reached the unanimous conclusion that there was no God. When they referred their arguments to Napoleon, sweeping his hand toward the stars, he said, "Very ingenious, but who made all these?" The prophet Amos says: "Seek him that made the seven stars and Orion. The Lord is his name." Lord Bacon, in his essay on atheism, says, "I had rather believe all the fables in the Golden Legend, the Talmud, and the Alcoran than that this universal frame is without a mind." Sir Isaac Newton, in the closing utterances of his Principia, an epoch-making book, says: "The admirably beautiful structure [universe] could not have originated except in the wisdom and sovereignty of an intelligent and powerful Being. He rules all things as the Lord of all. The whole divinity of created

things in regard to places and times could have its origin only in the ideas and will of a necessarily existing being."

God is a great Mathematician. Aristotle said, "God geometrizes." Plato placed over the door of his school in Athens, "Let none but geometricians enter here." The bees are exact geometricians. Bowne said, "Crystals are solid geometry." Pythagoras, twenty-five hundred years ago, said: "All things are in number. The world is a living arithmetic in its development—a realized geometry in its repose." In the diatonic scale there are five tones and two half tones, no more and no less primary musical sounds. In chemistry certain unvarying parts of sodium and of chlorin always make common salt. Two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen always result in water. In physics, when water is vaporized, one cubic foot of water becomes 1,728 cubic feet of steam. The proportion never varies. All problems of crystallization, heat, diffusion of gases, and optics are worked out by aid of algebra and calculus, logarithms, diagrams and equations. All chemical combinations rest upon changeless mathematical ratios. All of these facts lead a writer to say: "Man does not create these numerical and geometrical problems; he discovers them in the warp and woof of things. When man has gone so far as he can he is aware that there is a vastness of mathematical processes and mysteries far beyond his ken." Nature

is the living garment of God. None but knaves or fools, or savages, or idiots would deny that there is a rational Mind in the universe. No wonder the Bible with such startling intensity declares, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

As Dr. W. N. Clarke says, "The assumption of a rational order in the universe is one of the necessities of thought, and this assumption implies a rational Mind in the universe."

There are two mysteries in the universe—God and man. Neither is conceivable without the other. God predicates man. God is everywhere. Man necessitates God. Man is here. Atheism is absurd, the abode of fools.

"The proper study of mankind is man." Yes, if he would know God. Plato says, "Trees and fields tell me nothing. Men are my teachers." But our civilization is better than Plato's because God is our teacher as well as man.

What is man? Every age has its own answer. Man is higher or lower according to higher or lower ideals attributed to God. When God is considered a being of hate, vengeance, or passion, then these qualities appear in men to debase them.

The man who has no God has no theory of the universe and no workable theory of man. Such men write about "The Riddle of the Universe." The Bible says God created man to "subdue" the earth and to have "dominion over every living

thing." Man is the climax of all creation—the "*Ultima thule.*" But materialism has sought to ridicule this claim and show that man is out of all proportion to the immensity of the universe, and that he is monstrously arrogant when he thinks he is the loftiest of all God's creations.

Professor Alfred Russel Wallace, joint worker with Darwin in the discovery of the theory of natural selection, and probably at the time of his death, on November 7, 1913, the greatest living scientist in Great Britain, presented the argument that "the universe is not unlimited. The telescope reveals definite boundaries; stars are numbered and their habitation known. Our earth is the center of the universe. Man is the center of this earth. The spiritual development of man is a prodigious work, of such importance as to be commensurate with the vast universe of which man is a part. So great are man's possibilities that the vast universe was made for his habitation and development."

The Bible says that man is "a little lower than God." "A shaving less than God," interprets quaint Gesenius, a renowned Hebrew scholar. Note the contrast: Buddhism teaches the highest perfection to be absorption into God, ultimating in nonentity, as a drop of water loses itself in the ocean. The Bible teaches: "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature"—partners, not parasites; units, not ciphers

or fractions; persons and incarnations of God; entity, not extinction; sons and not slaves.

> There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will.

Another poet says:

> Himself from God he could not free;
> He builded better then he knew:
> The conscious stone to beauty grew.

And Ovid said in the long ago, "*Deus est in pectore nostro*"—"there is a divinity within our breast." And Seneca wrote, "The soul hath this proof of its divinity, that divine things delight it"; and, "O what a vile and abject thing is man if he do not raise himself above humanity!" Yes, "There is a divinity that stirs within us."

Man may be a "partaker of the divine nature." Men become like the objects they worship. Among the Romans Jupiter was worshiped as a god of vengeance, Venus as a goddess of impurity in a gorgeous temple, and Mars as a god of war; and the Romans were corrupted by their worship. A Roman citizen was insulted if he were told that he was like his favorite deity.

Among the Northmen, Odin and Thor were bloodthirsty deities of war and thunderstorms. When the Northmen conquered Rome the age was shocked with the cruel atrocities of the invaders. After the Egyptians abandoned themselves to the worship of Apis, the sacred bull, they became brutish. In India Kale, the most popular god, is

a murderer and robber and a patron of corruption and rapine. The Dahomey people of the west coast of Africa are fetish worshipers, and are low and bestial.

Contrast Solomon the servant of God and Solomon serving at idolatrous altars; he lost his call and his character and became a despicable fool. Samson forsook the true God, and Israel's noble judge became the Philistines' grain-grinder. So of the idols of self, and avarice, and dissipation. Napoleon became the "scourge and scavenger of Europe." Shylock, bony and greedy, demanded the pound of flesh. Nero, Byron, Poe —alas! What derelicts on life's seas!

So is it sublimely true that men may become like God if they worship and love him. As the daughter comes to be a counterpart of her sweet and loving mother, and as the son resembles his princely and handsome father, by the marvelous chemical affinities of love, so we become like God. Christ reveals the divine nature as possessing power, mercy, courage, patience, sympathy, self-denial, love, justice, forgiveness, holiness, and life. Man has innately the germs in his nature of all these divine characteristics.

It is only as man becomes a partaker of the divine nature that he attains the possibility of his own nature and comes to his own. For instance, look at man's innate sense of justice and right. In a fine essay on "The Mystery of Justice" Maurice Maeterlinck writes about "the

eternal presence of justice in the soul." So exalted a sense of right is there instinctively in the soul of man that when he trespasses upon it he loses his self-respect. That is the greatest tragedy of the soul when self-respect is gone. True self-confidence is established upon what the soul intuitively knows to be right. In Victor Hugo's drama of the soul, Jean Valjean by acts of injustice destroyed the confidence which he needed to have in himself. "Every man needs the sustaining knowledge of an honest past." No asset is so invaluable, no armor so invulnerable, as a clean record. There are no ghosts of a forgotten past, and no sepulchral clanking of the skeletons in long-closed closets coming to unnerve and defeat. The wrongs of a brilliant but wicked past at length brought Brutus to defeat in his last battle:

> "The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
> Two several times by night.
> I know my hour is come."

And a little later he compelled his friend, Strato, to hold his sword toward him, and rushing upon it to his suicide, Brutus cried,

> "Farewell, good Strato!
> Cæsar, now be still!
> I kill'd not thee with half so good a will."

Conscience is the protest within us of our divine nature. If we honor and cultivate these godlike qualities of justice, and right, and truth,

we grow like God; if we trespass and trample upon them, we become like brutes and devils.

> This above all, to thine own self be true,
> And it must follow as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

When we are true to our best self we are true to the God in us. Some one says: "Every soul is athirst, always athirst. It is that which marks the soul as infinite. The penalty of life is the passion for more life." I should say compensation, not penalty. Yes, but it is the thirst for the Infinite. It is the Infinite in us striving for expression. It is the divine soul seeking for expansion and growth—the creature "a little lower than God" reaching up to him. As the steel to the magnet, as the star to its sun, as the babe to its mother, our souls go after the best.

Therefore, if we would partake of the divine nature, we must put the body under subjection with its vanities, its indulgences, its foibles, and its slaveries. True life is spirit. The body is a cabin of clay to be kept in good order, but life is not this cabin. Put yourself under military regimen if the clay is mastering the spirit. Adorn your body with modest taste, supply simple and wholesome food, indulge in pleasures and recreations which are harmless and needful; but, remember, the body is only the rude casket which contains the precious jewel. The spirit is the soul. The spirit is God. Some in timidity, unequal to the

contest, forsake the world, and in hermitages and monasteries seek to develop spirit.

Let the God in you express himself. All art and music, all love and laughter, all beauty and light, the lark with its note, the sunbeam with its glow, the heart-throb with its love, are all expressions of God. Every man has a Deity in his own breast. Once when Lincoln saw one of his soldiers going into a saloon he stepped up to him and, extending his hand, said, "Comrade, I don't like to see our uniforms going into these places." The man retraced his steps and ever after hated the saloon. So there is a God in our breast. We should not take this holy possession into places of sin and shadow.

When, some time ago, a salute was being fired at Lima Point, near San Francisco, and Private John M. Jones, of Battery I, with his own hands extinguished the blaze that in an instant more would have ignited a fifty-pound bag of powder, thereby saving many lives, he became a heralded hero because he gave the God in him the right of way and permitted the divinity within him to express itself. Character is the fine art of giving up.

III

HEROISM IN EVERYDAY LIFE

The hero is not fed on sweets,
Daily his own heart he eats;
Chambers of the great are jails,
And head-winds right for royal sails.

—*Emerson.*

Hero-worship exists, has existed, and will forever exist, universally, among mankind.—*Carlyle.*

Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.

—*Addison.*

CHAPTER III

HEROISM IN EVERYDAY LIFE

The only human product which continues to live in succeeding generations is character. Colossal architecture crumbles, but character hardens with age. Athens and Rome and Jerusalem are in ruins, but Pericles and Cicero and Solomon remain. Character tends toward fixedness. Character does not grow old; Moses is as familiar as Blackstone, Joshua as Wellington, Deborah as Queen Victoria, Homer as Dante, Ulysses as Bacon, and Saul as Henry the Eighth.

Everyday life makes up most of the life of each of us. There are innumerable duties which must be discharged with the coming of each day. They come with such inexorable and mechanical regularity that many a person loses his vision in the wheels, and becomes merely a "mechanized automaton."

As we have but one life to live, it is of paramount importance that we shall adopt the right theory of life. At the parting of the ways many persons take the wrong path, and later must retrace their steps in the midst of humility, and often disaster. Others ruthlessly "tear out half of the pages of human life to light the fires of human passions"; and still others by thoughtless

excesses stain the unturned leaves of their lives, and must encounter these tragic blots in all the coming years.

We hear much in these days of heroes and heroism, and rightfully so, for the normal man is a hero-worshiper. We believe in the Carnegie Hero Fund, and in the chivalric poems and sermons and incidents which shall stir our youth to a romantic interest in loftiest heroism. But I would call your attention to the greatest of all heroism: that heroism which does not receive the plaudits of the crowd, and which is not the cynosure of the eyes of the multitude. It is not richly rewarded by the benefactions of the rich, and does not have medals struck for its reward.

With justifiable pride a man once showed me a beautiful silver medal which Queen Victoria had sent to him because he had saved several British subjects in a shipwreck off the coast of Washington. I rejoiced with him in this richly deserved royal recognition—and I was glad he was an American; but just now I am thinking of the rescues and battles and sacrifices and generosities and invincible courage which are unheralded and unrecorded and unrewarded, but upon which the security and prosperity of the age depend.

Many a man in a moment of emergency could rush at the risk of his life to the rescue of an imperiled brother; but that same man may not possess the stalwart heroism necessary to withstand certain temptations which are insidiously ruining

his life and bringing agony to those who love him. Not for a moment would I discount that heroism which hurries into death to save life, but I wish to honor especially those multitudinous heroes and heroines who without any public incentives are really exemplifying the sublimest ideals of heroism. Daniel was hardly more than a boy when with his three young friends he was carried to Babylon as a Hebrew captive in that first deportation of Hebrews from Judah in B. C. 604, during the reign of Jehoiakim. When he reached the court of Babylon he gained the favor of his superiors; and he also registered a vow that he would abstain from all oriental excesses and idolatrous ceremonies. "He purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat." His unwavering fidelity to his high ideals brought temporary indignity upon him, and hurled him at length into a den of hungry lions; but his invincible heroism in the humble duties of daily life elevated him at length to the seat next to the king.

Nearly all deeds of conspicuous valor are preceded by years of humble heroism with which the world at large is not familiar and in which it is little interested. Unless a man is a hero in daily life he is not destined to become a true hero in public life. Heroism is a resultant of purpose and conviction and courage and character. Any such man is sure to become a notable hero if the culminating circumstance affords him the oppor-

tunity to exemplify his habit of life and thought. Joseph climbed from a pit to a premiership along a path which led him through hatred and slander and imprisonment and ignominy, but he held steadily to his heroic principles faithfully inculcated by his loving father. It requires more real heroism to be courageous and self-sacrificing when we are humble and unknown, and when nothing but extinction seems to await us. Joseph's greatest battles were fought on the threshold of his career when he was an obscure but a trusted servant in his master's house. Saul seeking his father's straying asses found a new heart and a kingdom. The pathway of duty is the direct route to princeliness. Character is doing uncommonly well the common things of life. That which makes the mother's character so divine is that there is no task too lowly for her dear, patient hands.

There is some drudgery on the way to a scepter. Carlyle defines genius as an immense capacity for taking trouble. If you would serve your generation, as Mary Lyon used to say, you must go where no one else will go and do what no one else will do. Ruskin found hidden jewels in the mud of London streets, so in life's humble tasks the most precious treasures lie.

> In the mud and scum of things
> There something alway, alway sings.

God calls the people who can do things. His work must be done by the workers, not by the

idlers or the leisure class. Napoleon insisted that, though there were eighteen million people in Italy, he had with difficulty found three men. Lincoln got his vision when he was faithfully discharging his duty as a deckhand on a Mississippi flatboat. We must not wait for great opportunities. "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?" said a thoughtful servant to the enraged Naaman. He is a hero in daily life who does the right thing at the right time.

The world's real heroes, then, are not those who wait for some really great thing, but who perform the somewhat trivial duties of life with heroic devotion. The pot of gold is not at the foot of the radiant rainbow, but at the end of the sometimes tedious path of duty—inexorable duty. Some people are so busy discharging their humble tasks that they have not time even to read the annals of chivalry and the records of heroism. Such people may be heroes in daily life if they cultivate hearts of contentment and peace, and accept their narrow spheres as their God-appointed tasks and privileges.

God "heartened" Saul. Character is God investing and expressing himself in man. When God heartens a man he becomes a new creature, and hurries with the momentum of victory to his great work. A strong, beautiful, and useful life is God working in a life, and looking out through the windows of the soul in which he is an invited guest.

Those people are heroes in everyday life who are in love with their work. Any kind of work is blessed—it is holy, for "to labor is to pray." If our task is not altogether to our liking, and in the fulfillment of our highest tastes and ambitions, yet if it is our present duty, we should fall in love with it. We should be thankful to God every day that we can work. When Charles Lamb said, "Sabbathless Satan invented work," he misunderstood the royalty and divinity of work. Labor stands on golden feet and every day wears a golden crown.

I would rather take a pick and shovel and dig in the streets, and earn an honest dollar, and have a good appetite, and enjoy a good night's sleep, than to have no need to work and be the creature of slothful ease and enervating indulgence. The worker, if he falls in love with his task and is happy in his toil, is a hero in everyday life. We must be in love with life, or we shall have no impulses of true heroism.

> Give me the man with the sun in his face,
> And the shadows all dancing behind;
> Who can meet with reverses with calmness and grace
> And never forgets to be kind.
> For whether he's sovereign or merchant or clerk,
> I have faith in the man who's in love with his work.

That man will not lose his love of life who maintains with increasing fervor his passion for his work, for his faith, for his vision. It is said that Joshua Reynolds would sometimes labor

over his canvases for thirty-six consecutive hours. Edison is a most indefatigable and oblivious worker. The fortunate writer was once invited to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Edison in their beautiful home in Menlo Park. It will not be violating any of the sacred proprieties of true hospitality for me to tell you that long after the hour appointed for the dinner, and even after our exquisite hostess had seated us at the table, Mr. Edison came in. He had been so absorbed in his work that he had quite forgotten his social appointment, and when reminded of it, hastened from his laboratory in his working garments, and with the stains of his honest, enthusiastic labor on his ingenious hands. The man who loses his passion in his work has really lost his mission. The foundation of exhaustless passion is unfaltering faith—faith in our work, faith in our God, faith in our life, and faith in our fellows. Only men who have been fused and fortified and infatuated and spurred by a dominating passion for doing and being have ever been anybody and done anything. Holy enthusiasm will make a hero or a heroine of each of us in everyday life. The word "enthusiasm" is derived from *en-theos-ism*. The true enthusiasm is, therefore, inspired by God in each of us. It is said that a Roman army once fought so earnestly that they did not observe a fierce earthquake which shook the foundations beneath their feet. It is also stated by the historian that the Jews were so enthusiastic in their

efforts to rebuild Jerusalem that they made Jews of those who were around them.

There is much to defile and distract. Only a passionate and determined zeal kept Daniel away from the debilitating and degenerating influence of the fashionable court life in Babylon. Things are not always right because they are fashionable; indeed, they are more often wrong than right. Fashion and foible and dissipation are usually grouped together. Only heroic consecration can keep us in the safe channel when siren voices would lure us into inextricable dangers.

Down in old Mexico some months ago young Jesu Garcia pulled a trainload of dynamite into the mining town of Nacozari. As he was slowing down his engine he discovered with horror that the train had caught fire, and he knew that in a few moments the deadly dynamite would explode and bring sudden disaster upon the three thousand sleeping inhabitants in the little city. He did not hesitate for a single instant. He warned all the crew on the train to save themselves and then put on a full head of steam and hurried the train into the mountains. He had not gone many miles when what he anticipated occurred. The tragical explosion took place, and the soul of Jesu Garcia went into eternity in a chariot of fire; and to-day they are building a monument to this brave Mexican boy in the state of Sonora. Fidelity is heroism. If we are faithful in the somewhat irksome and tedious toil of to-day, we shall

receive our crown and our kingdom to-morrow. The tapestry-weaver will come forth at length and view his labor from the right side of his loom.

There is an exquisite story of a faithful Hebrew stonemason who was set to work in an underground quarry upon a stone of peculiar design to be placed in the temple at Jerusalem. For weary and numberless days he worked upon it—cutting and polishing after a most elaborate design. At length the day of dedication had come and was ushered in with the sound of silver trumpets. The happy workman took with him Rachel, his wife, and Benjamin, his son. With entrancing interest they examined in detail the massive structure until at last their astonished vision discovered in a royal archway the central stone upon which the patient workman had spent his months of loving endeavor. It was the glistening keystone of the main entrance of Solomon's majestic temple to the living God.

There was murder in Carroll County, and the sheriff had taken
his man.
But through the hills and the valley the ominous rumor ran
That if ever the word was spoken that sent to jail their kin,
The Allens would rear a shambles where the court of law had
been!

But, still untouched by the terror, the law had had its way;
Floyd Allen stood for sentence in the peace of a quiet day.
Silent, unfettered, he stood there, his face the hue of stone,
And it seemed that his clan had left him to bear his fate alone.

Then ere a word was uttered the door swung open wide,
And the pride and strength of the mountain strode noisily
inside.

Around the judge and the jury and the officers of the law
The circle slowly tightened, and Judge Thornton Massie saw

That he framed his own death sentence; but he rose, and the dingy room
Took on the spell of splendor as he spoke the words of doom!
Then the guns roared out their answer, and the judge fell on his face
And the murky smoke of murder spread through the tainted place.

Goad, who read the record, and Foster, who made the plea,
Fell in the selfsame volley, but ere the room was free
From the shock a pistol sounded and each man held his breath
As the sheriff of Carroll County strode in to his certain death!

Cruel were the odds against him, but the odds were naught to him,
For his bullet found Floyd Allen ere the sight of his eyes grew dim.
Then down with Massie and Foster, on the growing heap on the floor,
In his clutch the empty weapon that his hand should use no more.
He dreamed that he still protected the dead that round him lay,
Till the thirst for murder slackened and the mountaineers rode away.

Massie and Webb and Foster—long may their memory live,
Who had naught to give but their lifeblood and gave what they had to give!
They died for thy laws, Virginia—on thy historic breast
No braver sons have fallen, no truer heroes rest!

Not in the roar of battle, when the blood runs strong and high,
In the stiller paths of duty they laid them down to die.
And the nation that is waiting, with half-averted ear,
For the low and distant murmur that the Future has to hear,

Should make their names the slogan of the cause their vision saw—
The sanctity of human life and the majesty of law!
The slogan that shall echo till it drowns all local cry—
The cause our lives must cherish lest our republic die!

—Arthur Hobson Quinn.

IV
THE HUMAN HAND

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—*Solomon.*

They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand.
—*Shakespeare.*

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.—*Daniel Webster.*

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.—*King David.*

CHAPTER IV

THE HUMAN HAND

The hand is the most ingenious tool. It was called by Galen the instrument of instruments. It was eulogized by Cicero and by all writers before and since. No other animal possesses it. It is the principal organ of feeling; it may become eyes to the blind and hearing to the deaf. So responsive is it that often character can be read in the palm of the hand. The hand shows the marvelous wisdom and providence of God. It is the symbol of action. The hands are lifted in prayer, extended in expostulation, clasped in a bargain, folded in sleep, laid on in blessing, raised in oath, clinched in defiance, and joined at the hymeneal altar. To smite the hands is a sign of grief, to give the right hand is a pledge of fidelity, to kiss the hands is an act of homage, and to wash the hands is a sign of innocence. Clean hands mean a holy life, and bloody hands a murderous heart.

The hand is an instrument of power and conquest. With his hand man has conquered the external world. He has harnessed the winds and waves and cataracts. He has imprisoned the sunbeams and bridled the lightning. He has seized the thunderbolts and collected the electrical cur-

rents. He has transformed coal and water into power and light, and he has destroyed kingdoms and built empires and republics. The trained hand involves the head and the heart. The thirteen-inch gun requires the skilled hand of the man behind the gun. The telegraph instrument and type-setting machine are useless without the hand to direct. Without the steady hand the locomotive engine would stand still on the tracks, or lie helpless in the ditch, and without the fine technic of the hand the massive musical instrument, or the delicate violin, would be full of discords. With the hand man has made himself a master in painting, sculpture, music, and architecture.

"What is that in thine hand?" Moses in Midian had a shepherd's crook in his hand; he used it in obedience to God's command, and it became his token and scepter of power. With that rod plagues were brought, water burst out of a rock, seas were divided, and Israel prevailed over enemies in war. God used the implement with which Moses was most familiar as a shepherd. So did God use David's sling, Shamgar's ox-goad, and the jawbone of an ass in Samson's giant hand. So were Aaron's fluency of speech, Paul's logic, and the patience and industry of the painstaking fishermen, Peter, James, and John, made available to our heavenly Father.

Our talents, meager or generous, become our opportunities when God asks, "What is that in

thine hand?" "God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty." The worm Jacob was used to thresh a mountain. A little company of Pilgrim Fathers has become a vast nation and an obscure Bible class teacher a world-wide evangelist. A printer's apprentice became a patriot, diplomat, philosopher, and electrician. A Galena storekeeper became the mightiest warrior of his time; and a group of devout men, who were sarcastically denounced as a "nest of consecrated cobblers," not only produced the greatest intellectual giant of the eighteenth century, but, with the whole world as a parish, these Methodist folk are carrying the gospel of free salvation to the ends of the earth.

William Booth and George Williams and Francis Clark had something in their hands—a bare talent, it would seem, in the beginning, but when God accepted their gifts there resulted the marvelous institutions for the ameliorations of man and the preserving of the youth of the world, known as the Salvation Army, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Christian Endeavor Society. When God can have the privilege of using a human hand he makes it his own. "What is that in thine hand?" What is your individual ability, either endowed or acquired? God wants what is in your hand—your one talent, your two talents, or your five talents.

God wants your strong arm; your physical capacities are to be dedicated to him. He wants

your good health, your honest heart, your cultivated mind, your sympathy, your faith, your cheerfulness, and your loyalty. He wants your money. We must often spell "pity" with our purse and "Christian" with our checkbook.

"What is that in thine hand?" Is it a hoe or a needle or a broom? Is it a pen or a sword? Is it a ledger or a schoolbook? Is it a typewriter or a telegraph instrument? Is it an anvil or a printer's rule? Is it a carpenter's plane or a plasterer's trowel? Is it a throttle or a helm? Is it a scalpel or a yardstick? Is it a musical instrument or the gift of song? Whatever it is, give it to God in loving service. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." In the Scripture there was a man with a "withered hand." A "withered hand"—what pathos, what tragedy! How uneven are the chances of success in the world to a man with a withered hand! Such is a handicap indeed.

With a sweeping glance go back through the ages and about the round world to-day. Look at the marvelous transformations which have been wrought by the human hand. There is not a massive pyramid, nor a minster grand and eloquent in marble or granite, nor a mighty bridge spanning tumultuous rivers and cataracts, nor sacred memorials rising to dizzy heights, nor stately ships carrying people enough to make a city and freight enough to make a capital of commerce, that are not all the willing offerings

of busy hands. Every ingenious device and invention, from the delicate needle in the hand to the factory filled with spindles and shuttles; from the patient clock ticking on the mantel and the oxcart rumbling over the highway to the orchestral chimes on yonder church tower; and the cable which hurries its message through the hidden channels of the sea, or the wireless magician who has become familiar with the mysterious highways of space, are the products of man's hand. What of all this if every man had had a withered hand? What of all the sculptured marbles breathing with life? What of all the divine canvases palpitating with immortality? What of all the enchanting minstrelsies of harp or organ? What of divine ideals forever willingly incarcerated in cathedral towers and domes, in groined arch or frescoed wall, in Corinthian capitol or Doric pilaster?

What if that hand had been withered which held the brush of a Raphael, or the chisel of an Angelo, or the harp of a Mozart, or the pen of a Shakespeare, or the quill of a Macaulay, or the gesture of a Webster, or the telescope of a Galileo, or the microscope of a Pasteur, or the sword of a Grant, or the throttle of a Stephenson, or the rudder of a Fulton, or the lever of an Archimedes, or the scepter of a Victoria, or the steady, invincible nerve of an Abraham Lincoln, whose hand by one fell blow broke the shackles of a race of immortal souls?

There are many men and women to-day with withered hands—hands that are most active and aggressive in the things of ambition and frivolity, but in all labor for Christ and humanity they hang palsied and lifeless. Where, to-day, would be the kingdom of Jesus Christ if all the intrepid and self-sacrificing workers had had withered hands? Who would have struck the strong, telling blows for truth if Moses and Nehemiah, Daniel and Paul, Constantine and Charlemagne, Huss and John Knox, Erasmus and Wesley, Jonathan Edwards and Asbury had had withered hands? And where, to-day, would be our republic with its lofty ideals of patriotism without a Washington, a Jefferson, a Patrick Henry, and a Wendell Phillips? And what of lands lying in heathen darkness if a Xavier, or a Francis of Assisi, a Carey, a Livingstone, a Taylor, a Thoburn, or a Butler had not gladly responded to the sob of dying souls in submerging paganism and gone forth to do with their might what their hands found to do?

One of the most pathetic things I ever saw was a man with a withered arm. It hung shriveled and useless from his shoulder, a humiliation to the owner and a distress to his friends. It made him supersensitive and irritable and at times an almost impossible companion. But the most pathetic and tragic thing in the world is a Christian with "a withered hand." He is not only a useless cripple, but he is faultfinding of God and man;

he is doubting and unhappy—his hand is withered —and his interest and love and loyalty and peace and hope and patience and self-denial are all blighted—withered all. A church full of people with withered hands would not only be a hospital, but it would be a forbidding charnel house. But this is not an incurable ailment. Christ said to the man with "the withered hand," "Stretch forth thine hand." The poor unfortunate did not believe he could—he hadn't for years stretched it forth—but he obeyed, and "it was restored whole like as the other."

The Master is saying, "Stretch forth thine hand." Do it, brother. Obey! There is life, character, achievement, service, career, immortality in that hand—stretch it forth! For Christ's sake, for your own sake, for humanity's sake, stretch it forth!—now!

"Clean hands" are a token of a holy life. "Clean hands" are the countersign by which we pass the guards of the City Celestial. We must show our hands at the Judgment. If our hands are clean, our hearts will be pure. Listen to Lady Macbeth after her murderous deed:

> "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hands? No, this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red."

Remember "all the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten" the little hand of the bloody queen; but we can wash our hands in the blood of Christ

and make them white as snow. The bloodstains on the hands of vacillating Pilate and avaricious Judas will ever return to vex and torture in an eternity of woe.

From the carnage of Waterloo Wellington wrote, "The hand of God was upon me, and I escaped unhurt." Even in our maturity and manhood God cradles and soothes our troubled, trusting souls in the hollow of his hand. "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom."

"Do it with thy might" until there are marks on your hands. Marks on the hands were tokens of servitude. Jesus's dear hands bore "prints of the nails"— a willing slavery of love. The hands of the father are often hard and horny with toil—gladsome labor for the little family at home; and what hands are so sweet and soothing as the mother's beautiful hands? The nearly dying soldier boy was revived by the unexpected touch of his mother's hand, and he recovered.

"Do it with thy might," for there is "no work, or device, or knowledge, or wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." Procrastination is disaster. Do it now. This is the day of opportunity. The scapegoat bearing the sins of the people of Israel was led forth "by the hand of a fit man." God has honorable commissions, and errands of mercy and love for a great needy world. He has truths

to reveal to those who are studious and faithful. But he must have "the hand of a fit man."

> Had Moses failed to go, . . .
> There would have been
> For him no leadership to win!
> No pillared fire; no magic rod;
> No wonders in the land of Zin;
> No smiting of the sea; no tears
> Ecstatic shed on Sinai's steep;
> No Nebo, with a God to keep
> His burial; *only forty years*
> *Of desert, watching with his sheep.*

Do something, do it now, and do it thoughtfully! A man bought an afternoon paper as he stepped upon a trolley car; later in the evening he discovered he had, instead of a penny, given a five-dollar gold piece to the newsboy. What is in your hand? Place the right value upon it, and give it to Christ and humanity.

Do you remember the story of the eccentric old Irishman, who once had the distinguished honor of grasping the hand of the king, and, thenceforth, to the end of his life he declined to shake hands with anybody else? When Wellington had commissioned one of his bravest generals to a most difficult and perilous charge, the valiant soldier laid his hand on the arm of Waterloo's providential victor, and said, "In the strength of that arm I shall go forth to victory." And so we are permitted to place our hand on the arm outstretched and bleeding on Calvary, and go forth to certain victory for Christ and truth.

Somewhere in romantic fable or song the story is told of a valorous prince who went forth to find the maiden with the most beautiful hands, that he might make her his wife. And so all the fond fathers and ambitious mothers sought to preserve and beautify the hands of their daughters by protecting them from being hardened by service and pricked by sewing and embroidery. But one day a lovely girl, in rescuing an animal from suffering and death, had the "white wonder" of her soft hands so frightfully torn and marred that the cruel scars could never be removed. The prince promptly wooed and won her and made her his queen.

A young Negro arrived in Boston for the first time seeking employment. As he made his way along the intricate streets tugging a very heavy valise which contained all his earthly possessions, almost overcome by fatigue and loneliness, he felt a hand slipped in beside his own as a kindly man helped him to carry his load. The grateful boy thanked his new friend, and the man replied, "Look up, and lift up, and lend a hand." And that was a notable day for the Negro race and for human character when Edward Everett Hale eased the burden of Booker T. Washington. The obscure, ignorant child of slavery got his vision and call; and already a whole race has felt the uplifting power of his ready hand.

Mary was only thirteen, the eldest of seven children. Her mother was dying in her narrow

tenement quarters. She called Mary to her bedside, and said: "I must leave you and you must be mother now to the children. Be patient with father; you know he is kind to us when he is not in drink, so be patient when he comes home and abuses you, and keep the children together. Don't let them be separated. God help you, the task is hard, and you so young!" And the mother was gone. Little Mary bravely entered upon her holy commission. But, two years later, a fever brought her to the gate of heaven. She told her sad story to a deaconess who was tenderly ministering to her; and then said: "Now I I am dying as mother did. I have been patient with father and I have kept the children together, but I am afraid to die. I have not gone to church because I have had no fit clothes, and I have been too tired of nights to say my prayers. Now, what can I say to Jesus when I see him up there?"

The wise and ready little deaconess took the small hands, hardened by toil for others, and said: "Don't say anything, Mary. Just show him your hands."

The faith of the head is the faith that is dead;
The faith of the heart is better in part;
But the faith of the hand is the faith that will stand,
For the faith that will do must include the first two.

V
A CHEERFUL COUNTENANCE

It is the common wonder of all men how among so many millions of faces there should be none alike.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

> How some they have died, and some they have left me,
> And some are taken from me; all are departed;
> All are gone, the old familiar faces.
>
> —*Charles Lamb.*

All men's faces are true, O whatsome'er their hands are.—*Shakespeare.*

CHAPTER V

A CHEERFUL COUNTENANCE

The human face is the most wonderful visible thing which God has made. It is a token of personality, because, with all the multiplied millions of human beings that have lived and are alive to-day (what must be the boundless resources of creative genius?), we find that no two faces are alike. Homely or handsome as our face may be, it is ours, and ours only, for it has no exact duplicate.

Milton sings of "the human face divine" because God seems to reveal himself in the subtile and absorbing beauty of some human countenances. Cervantes says of one of his characters, "he had a face like a benediction," because blessing and comfort beamed from it upon those whom he met. Bulwer Lytton said, "A good face is a letter of recommendation," which recalls an ancient maxim, "A pleasing countenance is a silent commendation." The best credential one carries when he seeks friends or position is not some letter which an indulgent acquaintance has given in extravagant praise of his humble virtues, but his own face, where sincerity and integrity nestle as certainly and yet as mysteriously as

fragrance clings to the starry jasmine. A poet sang adoringly of his sweetheart,

> There is a garden in her face,
> Where roses and white lilies grow.

And Wordsworth's "Highland Girl" had

> A face with gladness overspread,
> Soft smiles by human kindness bred.

The face is a telltale. It betrays guilt or betokens fidelity; it shadows discontent or enshrines happiness. Shakespeare, in "Much Ado About Nothing," says,

> You have such a February face,
> So full of frost, of storm, of cloudiness!

The face is a map of the soul:

> There's no art
> To find the mind's construction in the face.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance." The face tells of victory or defeat. If a man does not master his trials, they will conquer him. It is of the old schoolmaster in the "Deserted Village" that Goldsmith sings,

> Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
> The day's disasters in his morning face.

The glorious "morning face" is the true test of beauty and character, for sleep relaxes the line of conflict and confusion, and the face resumes its wonted calm while we sleep; and in the morning, before the fierce tempests of another day have swept over the soul, the face is natural and com-

posed and characteristic. Can you ever forget. would you ever forget, your mother's exquisite "morning face," as its sweet radiance awakened your boyish slumbers, or as its placid beauty welcomed you at the threshold of a new day, her soft cheeks pressed against your tanned face and her gentle eyes beaming numberless and fervent benedictions?

I have not heard that either in girlhood or maturity my mother's face has ever been mentioned by admiring painter, or studious sculptor, but hers (and one other face, and it may not be strange that there are many lines of striking resemblance in these two faces) gathers into itself to me all the dreams of ambitious artists, and it would exhaust all the talents of well-endowed genius to reproduce on canvas all the exquisite beauty and divinity of my mother's dear face.

Each man is a sculptor, and his own face is the plastic clay. Our faces should be something more than a conspicuous almanac showing the inexorable and drastic flight of the years; they should bear the master touches of noble genius. Whatever face nature gives us—and nature seems more kindly disposed to some—it can be made more or less attractive by its possessor. There is an old classic which says, "A woman cannot choose whether she shall be handsome at twenty, but it is her fault if she is not beautiful at forty."

A happy childhood is the best prescription for

cheerful countenances. If we would have beautiful faces, we must begin early, and not permit corroding care to carve ruthless wrinkles, or some grumbling and faultfinding Rusticus to plow ineradicable furrows. Anything which despoils the human face is a sin not only against its possessor, but against a humanity which must constantly behold it. Many are the marred faces which sin has made—the bleared eyes, the bloated cheeks, the swollen lips. What a tragical travesty on the baby face which, forty years before, in dimpled divinity, found its soft pillow in its mother's bosom! One of the fearful monstrosities of human experience is the dire transformation which sin can make from the angelic beauty of a baby face into the fierce and fiendish countenance of the wicked man, whose excesses and depravities have made his soul a jungle of wild beasts and his face a devastated battlefield of murderous combats.

What possibilities of infinite exaltation or tragic degradation lie concealed in the human face! There are eyes that, like lighthouses, may guide to havens of safety, or, like will-o'-the-wisps, may lure to inextricable bogs and inevitable death; eyes that may weep with sympathy or wither with scorn; saintly eyes that may beckon to holy altars and restful paradises and heavenly rewards, or siren's eyes, whose deadly glances lead to entangling labyrinths and vampire habitations and the desolations of death. There

are snake's eyes in human faces whose hypnotic stare ends in disgrace and destruction.

There are lips whose expressions of love and whose messages of consolation and whose eloquence of appeal have awakened slumbering genius and aroused sleeping natures and stirred patriots and saints to duty. There are lips whose kiss can make painters and patriots and patriarchs; for Benjamin West said his mother's kiss made him a painter, and John Randolph declared that his mother's prayers saved him from French atheism. And there are lips that may coin tender ministries of love and sympathy, or that may be curled with bitter irony and biting sarcasm, or that may reveal the dark abysses of a Judas's heart.

The human face—have you e'er mused and sighed
Upon its power, this little round from brow to chin?
The thumb and fingers span it—have you tried
To sound its depths, its love to lose or win?
The eyes that look at you with heaven's own light,
That quicken to the highest call, or woo
To hell and all forgetfulness of right,
The eyes so potent with the hearts that sue!

The human face—these lips that tell and feel
All that the world can hold from pole to pole;
Their kiss can change a kingdom, and the weal
Of human destiny is there—they own the soul;
We shall be judged by eyes and mouth at last,
Whatever life may come—whatever life is passed.

—*W. O. Partridge.*

Real beauty does not consist in complexion or profile, but in the character which glows in the

countenance. Serenity of expression is the reward of faith, fidelity, and repose. Sleep, a quiet mind, a kindly spirit, and supreme trust in God make lovely faces.

> The light upon her face
> Shines from the windows of another world.
> Saints only have such faces.

Our faces are the windows of the soul, through which our real characters look and are seen.

The harlots in the olden time "covered their faces." People who lose their self-respect hide their faces. A guilty man will not look you in the face. Men talk about "saving their faces," by which they mean their self-respect. One of the most pathetic things in the world is the unsuccessful efforts which women who have lost their characters make to appear beautiful and respectable. Like Samson, "They wist not that their strength [beauty] is gone from them." O how frightful are the ravages of sin! When the pearl of true modesty has been bartered, and when the source of real strength has been surrendered, what travesties of womanhood and what tragedies of manhood! And the face tells the whole story.

When Leonardo Da Vinci was painting his great masterpiece on the walls of the Refectory in Milan he left two faces until the last. He looked far and wide for a face which could give him some conception for the face of Jesus. After a long period of unrequited search, at length one

day as he worshiped in the great cathedral he saw the face of a young man in the choir, whose features fulfilled in many ways the artist's ideal; and he secured the young man's permission to sit for him; and Da Vinci completed the central figure in his immortal "The Last Supper." The painting, however, remained unfinished for many years because the great artist could not find a face as a model for Judas. He frequented haunts of vice and associated with criminals in a vain search, until, at length, in a prison cell in Rome, he found a face and head whose eyes, lips, and hideous contour realized to the artist his true ideal of the wicked Iscariot; and he completed his masterpiece. But the choir singer and the confirmed criminal were the same man. The rapid flight of years had transformed the young man into a demon of wickedness and wretchedness and treachery and treason. And his face told the tragic story.

The prophet Isaiah, in his contest with his enemies, determined that he would not flinch, and he declared, "I have set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed." So must our wills unyieldingly and steadfastly contend for the right. It was said by Luke that "When the time was come that Jesus should be received up, he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem." If we would reach the goal and come to happy ascension summits we must set our faces steadfastly. It may lead us to ignominy

and suffering, to Gethsemanes and Calvarys, but beyond the Kedron rises Olivet.

A steadfast face brings momentum and destination. The momentum of a will reenforced by character will carry us through bitter persecutions and malicious criticisms and mock trials and bloody Golgothas, and bring us to lofty mountaintops of stepping-stones unto eternal glory. Daniel said, "I set my face unto the Lord God!" Paul set his face like a flint to go to Rome and make his appeal to Cæsar. Luther set his face like a flint to go to Worms, although the devils were as many as the tiles upon the housetops. Columbus set his face like a flint toward the west until a new continent rewarded him for his fidelity. General U. S. Grant set his face like a flint for peace, until the victories of Vicksburg were followed by the surrender of Appomattox. Wellington set his face like a flint until Waterloo became the product and Saint Helena the sequel of his righteous purpose. John Wesley set his face like a flint until a new evangelism swept over England, and established itself on permanent foundations in the New World. Every person in every field of honest endeavor who has achieved any triumph worth while has gone forth with invulnerable armor, and with dauntless and unflinching courage, with his face set like a flint. Such men are men of strong faces. There never was a brave heart behind a weak face, for if a merry heart makes a cheerful counte-

nance, a brave heart makes a strong and virile face.

The man who makes the world go may have set lips and steady eyes and square jaws and a line or two on his brow; and because he is a man of action and character his face will betoken his deeds. Look out for the man with the flinty face! He will lead your armies to victory, your explorers to north poles and mountaintops, your students to the solution of intricate problems, your philanthropists and reformers to new schemes for the amelioration of mankind, your Christian work to summits of earnest endeavor, and your Christian characters to altitudes of holiness, and valleys of humility, and plains of generous ministry, which will hasten the universal sway of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Faces, faces,
Crowding city streets and places,
Bright with hope, and love, and laughter,
Dark with passions of despair.
O the story of the faces!—
Angel faces, demon faces,
Faces, faces everywhere.

O the pathos of the faces!—
Blighted hopes and dark disgraces,
When the angel robe is spotted,
And the white soul stained with sin;
O the story of the faces!—
Women faces, youthful faces,
All the harp-cords strained and broken
Ere the anthem could begin.

O the pallor of the faces,
Fleeing from the cold death places,
Seeking in the shouting highways
Respite from the hell within!
O the sadness of the faces!—
Mother faces, traitor faces,
Haggard with the toil and watching,
By the night lamp, pale and thin.

O the horror of the faces!—
Scowling, frowns, and dark menaces,
Sodden with a thousand vices,
Hideous with the brand of Cain.
O the terror of the faces!—
Felon faces, traitor faces,
Plague spots on the fair creation,
Nightmares of a fevered brain.

O the beauty of the faces!—
Sunny locks and fairy graces,
Little wandering gleams of heaven
Lost among the ways o' men.
O the brightness of the faces!—
Maiden faces, childish faces,
Beauty in all forms and phases,
Sojourner and denizen.

Faces, faces,
Crowding city streets and places—
Faces smooth with youth and beauty,
Faces lined with age and care,
O the story of the faces,
Of the glad and weary faces,
Of the faces everywhere!

—*Anonymous.*

When men and women have been with God in Sinai's summits or Hermon's solitudes their faces will shine with unwonted light. After his forty days with God in the mountain of the law, when

Moses descended with "the words of the covenant, the ten commandments," so brilliantly did his face shine that it was necessary for him to put a "veil on his face," and "Aaron and all the children of Israel were afraid to come nigh him." So when man has seen God face to face his own countenance will carry evidences of his holy interview.

No man or woman is ready for life until he has had his vision of God. Life, duty, personality all wait for their true interpretation until man has seen God face to face. When Saul of Tarsus saw Christ face to face, the student of Gamaliel became a flaming apostle of righteousness, and Areopagites and kings and princes began to tremble and believe. Peter's Pentecost converts became the nucleus of the Christian Church. Each drop of Stephen's blood sprang up from the ground as a knight of the cross armed with love and light. The tinker's simple story was made a message of salvation to the world! This same heavenly vision created the rude types of Gutenburg, the engine of Watts, and the delicate instruments of Morse and Marconi and Edison, until men reverently exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!"

It inspired the brush of Raphael, and immortal canvases gleamed with perfect ideals. It steadied the chisel of Angelo, and cold marble breathed with life and emotion. It touched the harp of Milton, and the stately stanzas of "Paradise

Lost" became the rhythmical measures of "Paradise Found." And, by the grace and favor of God, the natural becomes the spiritual, the human the divine, the finite the Infinite, all because man has seen God face to face. Visions of Christ transform characters and transfigure faces. It is related that two rough boys attended one of John Wesley's meetings with their pockets filled with stones, intending to hurl the missiles at the preacher and to break up the meeting. Wesley was in his old age, and as he preached his heart was warmed and his face shone with such wondrous light that one boy said to the other, "He's not a man, Bill; he's not a man." At the close of the meeting, as Wesley passed out, the boy pressed up to him, and touched the saintly man, and in low tones he said to his friend, "Bill, he is a man; he is a man!"

Wesley heard the voice, and when he saw the face of the astonished lad he said, "The Lord bless thee, my boy." And both of these coarse fellows were soundly converted and became ardent workers for Christ, because Wesley had seen God face to face. It was once said of the poet Keats, "His face was like the face of one who had seen a vision."

Count Tolstoy had so homely a face as a child that his mother one day said to him, "You know, Nikolinka, no one will love you for your face, and therefore you must endeavor to be a good and sensible boy." In his old age Tolstoy said

that all along through life those words of his mother had been a ministry of blessing to him. He placed the emphasis on his character.

A few years ago the most familiar name in the social circles of Paris was Madame de Circourt. She was a woman of very unattractive countenance. Her mother said to her when she was a girl, "My poor child, I fear it will be very hard for you to win love in this world—indeed, even to make friends." For a time she took her misfortune very much to heart. At length she began to cultivate amiability and kindliness. She was kind to everybody and everything. Needy children were the objects of her special care. She was kind to her servants, to strangers, to the birds, and the beasts. To render somebody a service was her supreme and happy purpose. She became at length the idol of a great city. Her home was noted for its cordial hospitality, and her heart was a place of shelter for all who needed consolation and good cheer. The unusual plainness of her features and complexion was forgotten in the exquisite loveliness of her beautiful, unselfish life.

It was once said of a man, "His face is a thanksgiving for all his past life and a love-letter to all mankind." What a ministry of refinement and cheer is such a face in the midst of the hurry and turmoil and scowl and frown and frivolity of the passing throngs!

An anxious woman once went with the Hon.

Thaddeus Stevens to ask Mr. Lincoln to pardon her soldier son, who had been court-martialed and sentenced either to death or imprisonment. After hearing all the particulars, the President promptly issued the pardon papers. After they had left the grateful, happy woman exclaimed, "I knew it was a copperhead lie!"

"What do you refer to, madam?" asked Mr. Stevens.

"Why, they told me that he was an ugly man, and he has the handsomest face I ever saw," was the answer.

There are no lines so beautiful in the human face as those which tender sympathy gives. Sympathy makes of the eyes little lakes of liquid blue, and of the cheeks shining orbs of soft sunlight, and of the voice a ripple of enchanting melody. A merry heart, a peaceful heart, a sincere heart, a kindly heart, a holy heart maketh a cheerful, beautiful countenance.

The Hon. Benjamin Brewster is remembered as at one time the brilliant attorney-general of the United States. In his boyhood, when his little sister fell into an open fireplace, he gallantly rescued her, but in doing so his own face was terribly burned. He carried that horrible disfigurement all through his life; but to those who knew of the manner in which he had attained this badge of fidelity his frightfully distorted features were forgotten. Once on an ocean voyage Mr. Brewster was given a chair at the dining

table between two women who were strangers to him. Because of his repulsive face the ladies asked the steward to assign him elsewhere. When the matter was brought to Mr. Brewster's attention he took no offense, but asked to be permitted to remain for a day, and, then, if they still desired it, he would change his seat. He was introduced to the ladies, and so charming was his personality, and so brilliant his conversation, and so fascinating his spirit and gallantry, that the women begged the steward to permit him to remain.

It is recorded of our Lord on the Transfiguration Mountain that "as he prayed the fashion of his countenance was changed, and his raiment was white and glistening." In the sheltered recesses of some mountaintop in the uplands of God we may commune with our transfigured Christ until the fashion of our countenance shall be changed into increasing likeness with him whose "visage was marred more than any man."

A master artist of the Christian school
Held all his pupils to this lofty rule:
"Who sketches Mary, Christ, a child, or saint,
Must live above reproach, and free from taint."

One day there came a youth of noble name
(But sin's dark visage shadowed now his fame)
And begged the master give him place and time
To purge away the blackness of his crime.

The master asked if he the rule did know,
And would he bide it. Bowing very low,
While crimson blushes showed his direful guilt,
The novice said, "It shall be as thou wilt."

"Then sketch this face!" was all the artist said,
And placed before him guilty Judas' head.
Appalled by what the master there had wrought,
The pupil stood with troubled mien and thought.

That night the master, reading, found this truth:
"Things often seen will change the life in youth;
And what we most admire will often be
The very thing to shape our destiny."

"My rule is wrong!" the teacher slowly mused;
"I'll change my plan, my pupil I've abused!"
So when, next day, the pupil took his place,
Instead of Judas', there was Jesus' face.

He could not lift his brush, but stood abashed
Before the matchless love that canvas flashed.
Day after day he pondered o'er its art,
Till that sweet love of Christ had won his heart.

-J. B. Slocum.

If we humbly and faithfully follow our Lord by Galilee's waves and Judæa's mountains, we shall not only abundantly live, but we shall be rapturously satisfied when we "awake in his likeness."

VI
THE CURE OF DOUBT

But the gods are dead—
Ay, Zeus is dead, and all the gods but Doubt,
And Doubt is brother devil of Despair.
—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.
—*Shakespeare.*

Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God. Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed. —*New Testament.*

CHAPTER VI

THE CURE OF DOUBT

The oldest and quaintest and most picturesque of all the books of the Bible is the book of Job. It was fifteen hundred years old when Bethlehem's star twinkled over the hills of Judæa, and is replete with practical lessons, sturdy doctrines, limpid poetry, and unusual literary excellence. It takes rank with the world's greatest epics. James Anthony Froude says: "An extraordinary book of which it is to say little to call it unequaled of its kind, and which will one day, when it is allowed to stand on its own merits, be seen towering up alone, far away above the poetry of the world."

And Thomas Carlyle's admiration is expressed in notable words: "I call the book of Job, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. A noble book, all men's book. It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem: Man's destiny and God's ways with him here in this earth. Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind—so soft and great—as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars. There is nothing written in the Bible or out of it of equal literary merit."

With sympathetic and entrancing interest we follow Job in his sore trials; and observe how, notwithstanding his cold comforters—Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar—he remains loyal to the Hand which had afflicted him.

Job in his bewilderment challenges the goodness and mercy of God; and at one time endeavors to set his human judgment over against God's divine dealings with him; whereupon the heavenly Father spoke to him out of the whirlwind, saying: "Gird up thy loins like a man, for I will demand of thee, and answerest thou me: . . . Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?"

Astronomy is the oldest of the sciences. It is God's best worn textbook.

> Devotion! daughter of Astronomy.
> An undevout astronomer is mad.

The Pleiades form the most dazzlingly beautiful of all the constellations, and were supposed by the ancients to control the vernal seasons. It was confidently believed that the seven stars were seven sisters, and only six stars now appear because one of the sisters hid herself with shame because she had married a mortal, when all the other sisters had married deities. The Pleiades are four thousand million miles from the earth. Alcyone, the most distant star of the constellation, is said to be the center of the universe around which all celestial bodies revolve with unerring

precision and in increasingly glorious procession.

Orion, according to a romantic legend, is a doughty giant, who with long strides once went ruthlessly through the skies, until at length, with a band of three stars, he was pinned a prisoner to his place.

God, in this startling question, sought to teach Job that if he could not "bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion," he could not hope to fathom the mysterious designs and purposes of Almighty God in his dealings with man. Humility and boldness should appear in every enduring human character in perfect balance. Too much boldness leads to weakened personality, and too much humility "has depressed many a genius into a hermit." On the other hand, as Ruskin says, "Conceit may puff a man up, but it can never prop him up." A bold humility and a humble boldness should be united at the nuptial altars of the Most High in every human heart, that "no man should think more highly of himself than he ought to think."

The thoughtful man early discovers his limitations as he compares himself with his environment. He notices the trees, that wave their tall plumes for a thousand years, the thunderbolt, which shakes into ruins man's citadels and temples, the earth, which quakes for a few seconds and vast cities are entombed, and the sea, which opens its throat and ships and islands are swal-

lowed out of sight forever. In all knowledge man discovers that his goal to-day is the starting point for to-morrow.

The secret of all success is finding our limitations, and humbly, but zealously, investing in our efforts our best endeavor. Charlotte Cushman said: "In my early life I realized that my talent was of a limited kind. I therefore resolved that I would confine myself within that narrow compass." And that is the secret of all success. People who defy and refuse to recognize their limitations will surely reach disaster. Napoleon Bonaparte ruthlessly defied all human boundaries. He created or crushed kings to suit his whimsical caprice. He made kingdoms and empires stepping-stones to progress. Intoxicated with power, he dreamed of a vassalage which would include every throne on the earth. He announced as the chief declaration of his creed that God was always on the side of the strongest battalions. At length, however, his magnificant army fell a prey to the severities of a Russian winter. The ghost of Moscow followed him to the mud-pits of Waterloo; and, later, in the submerging humiliation of Saint Helena exile, he confessed, "I have sinned against the ideas of the century and have lost."

Let us not waste our time, as did that ambitious Macedonian admirer of his king, in the impossible task of trying to carve some Mount Athos into a bust of Alexander, nor seek to change the channel of life's Euphrates. We cannot fight against God,

and it is folly to wear our little wings out beating against the inexorable bars of immutable truth.

Agnosticism is utterly illogical and inconsistent. The agnostic is a weak coward. In the realm of truth or investigation we do not give up the little we do know because there is much we do not understand. It is, then, the refinement of cowardice for men accustomed to seeking after truth to turn away from the eternal God and pronounce themselves agnostics because they cannot fathom all mystery. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" is the old and ever new question. Human reason alone is insufficient to find out God.

Dr. George Romanes, after eating husks in the far country of agnosticism, returned to the faith of his early life, and declared: "We should all be pure agnostics so far as reason is concerned; and if any of us is to attain to any information, it can only be by means of some superadded faculty of our minds. Reason is not the only attribute of man; nor is it the only faculty which he habitually employs for the ascertainment of truth. Moral and spiritual faculties are of no less importance in their respective spheres even of everyday life; faith, trust, taste, etc., are as needful in ascertaining truth as to character, beauty, etc. as is reason. No one is entitled to deny the possibility of what may be termed an organ of spiritual discernment." Again he says: "All first principles even of scientific facts are known by intuition and not by reason. No one can deny this. Now, if

there be a God, the fact is certainly of the nature of a first principle—for it must be the first of all first principles. No one can dispute this, no one can, therefore, dispute the necessary conclusion that, if there be a God, he is knowable (if knowable at all) by intuition and not by reason."

Doubt is not indigenous to the twentieth century. It is as old as the human intellect. Belshazzar the king said to the prophet Daniel, "I have heard that thou canst make interpretations and dissolve doubts." And even after the resurrection of Jesus it is said, "But some doubted." There are captious doubters whose doubts are subterfuges for indifference, unfaithfulness, and questionable practices. There are constitutional doubters who have a question for everything—just like Thomas, who said, when Jesus went to the tomb of Lazarus, "Let us go, that we may die with him."

We should wage a tireless warfare against destructive doubt. It is bold, egotistic, parasitic, cruel, blasphemous, and Satanic. Doubt obscures our star, blurs our chart, deflects our compass, breaks our rudder. Doubt destroys our perspective and our sense of proportion. It breaks down the law of relationship by which man coordinates himself with God, the world, and humanity. Doubt is pessimism, degeneration, and decay.

> Our doubts are traitors,
> And make us lose the good we oft might win
> By fearing to attempt.

The doubter loses faith in himself, and that is suicide; he loses faith in God, and that is tragedy; and he loses faith in his fellows, and that is misanthropy. To such an one

> All the gods are dead,
> All the gods but doubt,
> And Doubt is brother devil of Despair.
>
> For right is right since God is God,
> And right the day must win,
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin.

We therefore take prompt exception to the poet who says, "Who never doubted never half believed," and to the character in the Inferno, who declares, "Doubting charmed me not less than knowledge." Doubt furnishes the soul with waxen wings, which, coming too close to the brilliant orbs of truth, are melted, and, Icarus-like, the poor victim is precipitated into chasms of despair and night. After a brilliant California poet had taken his own life, at his side were found these pitiful and tragical lines:

> Woe worth the knowledge and the bookish lore,
> Of that which was miraculous before,
> And sneers the heart down with the scoffing brain.
>
> Woe worth the peering, analytic days
> That dry the tender juices in the breast,
> And put the thunders of the Lord to test,
> So that no marvel must be, and no praise
> Nor any God except necessity.
> What can ye give my poor, stained life in lieu
> Of that dead cherub which I slew for you?

> Take back your doubtful wisdom and renew
> My early foolish freshness (of the dunce)
> Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at once.

The doubter is to be truly pitied and not derided; he is to be helped, not hindered by ridicule. Alas that men will not believe their senses nor respond to their intuitions!

What, then, shall we do with our doubts? What is the cure of doubt? We should study the works and wonders of creation. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Even the flowers render a fragrant ministry:

> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
>
> Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies.
> I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower, but, if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is.

We must not be intimidated by the fact that things are incredible. It is the mission of faith to help us to believe in the incredible. The universe is incredible. The sun and its fires, the plumed comets with their stride, the seas with their tide, the skies with their stars are all incredible. So is God incredible; but so are also love and service and fidelity and aspiration and sacrifice incredible in beings of such a material origin as men in a universe of matter; these are all unbelievable things; and yet in them we live and move and

have our being. "Christ is the most incredible Person in history; is there any other in whom it is so easy to believe, whom it is so easy to love?"

Zophar was right; we cannot by searching find out God. Reason's experiments always fail just as lamentably as when the ancients built their lofty tower in the Plains of Shinar. The confusion of tongues is inevitable when men abjure faith and seek to find God under the guidance of reason alone. When reason has solved some nearby problems it will be time enough to assail the Infinite. Let a dogmatic and bumptious reason either confess its limitations or tell us where is the lost Pleiad? What is the function of the spleen? How can we square the circle? Such arrogant doubt reminds us of Mrs. Poyser's rooster, who imagined the sun arose each morning to hear him crow. To believe in God is not a "badge of intellectual inferiority," for "none are so poor and needy as those who reject Christianity because they think they have outgrown it intellectually." The honest man will meet his doubts with patience and fortitude, and will in the end have the triumphant experience of Tennyson, who, writing of himself, says,

> He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
> He would not make his judgment blind,
> He faced the specters of the mind
> And laid them: thus he came at length
> To find a stronger faith his own.

Christ is the cure for doubt. As the sun is the

cure for darkness, health for disease, and truth for error, so is Christ for doubt.

> O, then, if Reason waver at thy side,
> Let humble memory be thy gentle guide,
> Go to thy birthplace, and if faith is there,
> Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer.

Cecil tried to be a skeptic, but he could not get around his mother's life. John Randolph said that but for his mother's prayers and godly example he would have been swept into French infidelity. And David Hume, in his sane moments, said, "When I think of my mother I believe in immortality."

A godly life is a cure for doubt. Many skeptical scientists have found, with Professor Mhegard, of the University of Copenhagen, the insufficiency of science in the emergencies of life, and have adopted his words: "Full of faith in the sufficiency of science, I thought to have found it a sure refuge from all the contingencies of life. This illusion is vanished. When the tempest came which plunged me in sorrow, the moorings—the cable of science—broke like a thread. Then I seized upon the help that many before me had laid hold of. I sought and found peace in God. Since then I have certainly not abandoned science, but I have assigned it to another place in my life."

Heine, the great German physician and philosopher, had an almost identical experience. After many years of widely proclaimed unbelief, he says:

"The divine homesickness came upon me; I rushed to my room, closed the door, and fell upon my knees and prayed for strength and courage and joy. I am now happy with my God. Prayer hath done this." And so have many great men worked themselves through the mazes of bewildering doubt: Augustine, Neander, Tholuck; Schleiermacher, the German philosopher; Thomas Cooper, the noted chartist of England; and many others.

Patience and prayer will drive away the lowering fogs of doubt, and let in the glowing effulgence of the orbs of truth. Doubt should not be confounded with demonstrated truth; it is merely an interrogation point beckoning us into fields of honest investigation, or it is a guideboard pointing us to the true path of light.

Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. Faith is not "the cardinal sin of science" and it is the cardinal virtue of the thoughtful mind. God meets the humble, holy, inquiring man at the boundary of his limitations, and reveals to him the enchanting glories of the Infinite. In our limitations lie our supreme chance. If in our doubt and timidity and little faith we may venture to touch even the hem of the garment of our Lord we shall be loosed from all the infirmities of unbelief and be made perfectly whole.

"Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."

VII
MONEY

He that is proud of riches is a fool. For if he be exalted above his neighbors because he hath more gold, how much inferior is he to a gold mine!—*Jeremy Taylor.*

The ideal social state is not that in which each gets one equal amount of wealth, but in which each gets in proportion to his contribution to the general stock.—*Henry George.*

If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For like an ass with ingots bows,
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.

—*Shakespeare.*

CHAPTER VII

MONEY

"GODLINESS is profitable unto all things." The compensation of finding true wisdom is that the fair goddess holds out to the fortunate seeker in her right hand "length of days," and in the left hand "riches and honor." The industry and genius to get money is God-given, but money, like all gifts, is frequently misused to man's great disaster. God gives to man great talents as instruments with which to work out his salvation and the salvation of his fellows; but not infrequently man prostitutes his endowments to selfish and unholy ends; and what might have been the means of his exaltation becomes the cause of his humiliation and undoing.

Money is opportunity. Money is time, as well as time money. Not only can it remove obstacles, but it can purchase privilege and open multiplying doors. "Money alone sets all the world in motion." Money makes the world go. It can be the world's supreme blessing or its most colossal woe. Money may bring culture, power, and character; but a man may have all of these and but little money. Money makes possible all great schemes for the amelioration of mankind. It is within the power of money to give peace instead

of worry, health instead of disease, culture instead of ignorance, prosperity instead of adversity, comfort instead of disquietude, and plenty instead of penury. Money is the method by which the skill of hand and heart and brain is exchanged for the commodities and luxuries of living.

Money is not tainted any more than time is tainted, but man's defiling touch may discredit money and dishonor time. Money is not the root of all evil, but it is the tap-root of nearly all temporal prosperity. It is the avaricious love of money which is the root of all evil. No man will make much out of life unless he first learns the value of money.

Money is obligation; it is the measure of man's duty to his fellows. To the unjust and selfish use of money is largely due the confused and unhappy social condition of to-day. The Bishop of London, while on a visit some time since to the United States, said, "The more bitter and blatant forms of socialism spring from the neglect of the principle of stewardship inherent in the Christian religion." Money is not a man's because he was the fortunate Sutter who discovered the gold mine. Sutter did not make it—God made it. Let man have his full mead of praise and equitable share of the profits, but God put it there for all mankind. Helen Gould Shepard was a wise little woman when she said: "There is one obligation which rests upon all persons rich and poor—to use wisely the gifts which God has granted us.

Wealth is an undoubted aid in bringing about the happiness of the unfortunate. Our greatest pleasure will be found in acts of charity."

Charity is good, but to willingly surrender our surplus wealth for the benefit of all is best. It is not the poor alone who have a right to the excessive wealth of the rich, but the masses also. Herein lies the justice of the income tax, for some men will not willingly permit themselves to be parted from their money. It is what a man gives away which blesses him more than what he keeps. The equal distribution of wealth is a great problem for wise statesmen and true philanthropists.

There are some things that money cannot buy. It is reported that Andrew Carnegie will give $100,000 to anyone who helps him to keep on living. A Mexican millionaire offers a million dollars to anyone who will cure him of leprosy; a Frenchman the same sum for a cure for tuberculosis; and a New York man will give a fabulous amount to anyone who will restore his failing sight. The last hours of the daughter of John D. Rockefeller were filled with anxious care because she feared, if she recovered, she would be compelled to live in poverty. Tragic irony of fate!

Money can buy wigs, but it cannot make hair grow on bald heads. I once dined at the home of a very rich man. The table groaned with all the delicacies of many climes, but my host told me that some years previously he had lost his sense of taste. Pickles and pumpkins, salads and suc-

cotash, turkey and turnips, dressings and desserts, all tasted alike to him. And so some people are color blind, and others cannot enjoy the odor of orange blossoms and honeysuckles; and all the wealth of Crœsus cannot restore to them the sense of smell and sight. Money cannot buy character. "He that trusteth in his riches shall fall." "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Money alone cannot purchase true happiness. Montesquieu said, "Men slave to make a fortune only to be in despair after they have made it that they are not highborn." Money alone never can and never will make anyone happy. It may lessen burdens in one way, but it multiplies care in many other directions. Goldsmith, in "The Deserted Village," sings,

> His best companions innocence and health,
> And his best riches ignorance of wealth.

It is said of the young ruler, "He went away sorrowful, for he was very rich."

> Can wealth give happiness? look around and see:
> What gay distress! What splendid misery!

There is an old sixteenth-century proverb which says,

> A little house well filled,
> A little field well tilled,
> A little wife well willed
> Are great riches.

Have you heard of that pompous Chicago pork-packer whom Mr. Lodge, of Massachusetts, publicly named in the Senate, whose son, unfor-

tunately, from his father's point of view, developed a fondness for books, and who, in an unguarded moment, was permitted by his father to go abroad and study at a foreign university? Suddenly he summoned his son home, and was asked why the young man had been called back. "O," he replied, "I let him go abroad for a while. He wanted to write a book. But he has got something better to do than that. I can hire men to write books, but he has got a big packing business the like of which is not in the world. He can't waste time in studying and writing books."

> If life were a boon that money could buy,
> The rich would live and the poor would die.

A rich man was asked, "When is a man rich enough—when he has ten thousand dollars?" "No," he answered. "When he has a hundred thousand?" "No," he replied. "When he has a million?" "No," he still answered, and, continuing, said, "When he has a little more than he has got, and that is never." "Riches," said a philosopher, "are like sea water—the more you drink the thirstier you become."

Nelson O. Nelson, a Saint Louis millionaire, not long since, said some remarkable things about wealth. He declared that getting rich was "a bad habit." And then presents this somewhat harrowing picture of riches: "As a man's wealth increases his cares increase in the same ratio. The compensations of wealth are comparatively

few. Money can buy everything but happiness. The rich man's palace is full of everything but happiness—it lacks nothing but happiness. He has become so steeped in the idea of accumulating and ever accumulating wealth that he has lost the heart to respond. The children of the rich are not ordinarily a comfort or a happiness to them. This may be a dreary picture," Mr. Nelson concludes, "but I think it is true of the average mere money-getter." Alas! he starts out as a money-getter, and after a while money gets him and happiness is gone. Men seem to go money-mad. They are seized with an inglorious mania. They become impatient with any normal increase of values, and want to gallop quickly to the goal. Their motto is

> Get wealth and place, if possible, with grace;
> If not, by any means get wealth and place.

Or they adopt the attitude of the avaricious old Quaker, who said, "My son, get money, honestly if thou canst, but get money."

Washington Irving referred to "the Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal worship throughout the land." Men want money because they see that money seems to cover a multitude of sins. Rich men who are ignorant and coarse and vulgar and wicked and selfish are often tolerated and pampered and feted and even honored. If it were not for their money, they would be deservedly ostracized and ignored.

Nothing is more sickening than the cringing sycophancy of some obsequious flatterers toward the rich.

Money is not always a token of virtue and honesty. That a man is prosperous is not sure evidence that he is honorable. So much is this the case to-day that when a man is said to be rich a calculating public asks, "Where did he get it?" In these days of systematic and diabolical grafting almost any man can get riches if he is willing to throw his conscience and Christian ideals overboard. We must remember that virtue is not always rewarded with riches, or even plenty, and vice is not always promptly punished. Successful men are not always good men. As Chesterton says: "When once people have begun to believe that prosperity is always the reward of virtue, their next calamity is obvious. Prosperity will be regarded as a symptom of virtue. Men will leave off the task of making good men successful and adopt the easier task of making out that successful men are good." It may also be true, as Machiavelli says, that "virtue and riches seldom settle on one man."

It would seem from the mad pace, and the wasteful extravagance, and the vulgar encroachments upon the recognized proprieties, and the enervating and dissipating indulgences, and the bold indifference to all the simple laws of health and safety and morals and justice, and arrogant defiance of God and all high and holy obligations,

that Dr. Felix Adler was right when he said not long since, "The very rich are insane." Men do seem to get a mental and moral obliquity toward wealth which unfits them for all the normal duties and joys of human life. They take a swift toboggan, and are held up in their frenzied flight by the voice of God, which says, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

Before the Civil War an ardent Southerner earnestly advocated the freedom of the Negro, because, he said, slavery not only hurt the black people, but it was ruining the white people. So there has grown up in our land a real menace in the shape of the idle rich, for the rich themselves have become the most tragic victims of their own wealth. It is a calamity often to be poor, but it is more often a direful calamity to be rich. It is to be hoped that the recent magazine writer, who claims to belong to the circle of the very rich, is correct when he argues that there is the "Passing of the Idle Rich." The idle and extravagant and heartless and penurious idle rich have had much to do with the creation of the dynamite-bomb anarchist, for whenever there is wasteful and cruel improvidence at one end of the social scale there will be rebellious poverty and discontent at the other end which is likely to express itself in direful and avenging protest.

Men must not only give an account to God at the Judgment, but they must give an account to their fellow men while they live. Franklin

asked, "If your riches are yours, why don't you take them with you to the other world?" And Jeremiah said, "As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

Men cannot any longer retain their self-respect and hoard their wealth. The miser is the most unhappy and despicable of all men—notice we get our word "miserable" from him. Carnegie declares that it is immoral for a man to die rich. I would not use the word "immoral," but "unmoral." The poor-rich are most pitiable folk indeed. Joaquin Miller expressed his profound sympathy for the "Dead Millionaire" in the words:

> The gold that in the sunshine lies
> In bursting heaps at dawn;
> The silver pouring from the skies
> At night to walk upon;
> The diamonds gleaming in the dew,
> He never saw, he never knew.

Another poet-painter once said of a coarse rich man, "When the sun rises you see something like a golden guinea coming out of the sea, while I see and hear likewise something like an invisible company of angels praising God."

Money is useful only as we give it away and transmute it into things and thoughts and deeds. It is nothing in itself. We might have a bank's safe full of money, but it would not quench our thirst nor satisfy our hunger unless it was ex-

changed for pure water and wholesome food. As one writer truthfully says: "The love of money has been in all ages one of the passions that has given great disturbance to the tranquillity of the world." Yes, but, on the other hand, the right use of money has powerful resources for peace and prosperity.

Some people have sought to enforce the duty and doctrine of contempt for wealth, but the cult does not rapidly increase because the average man imagines if he could become the custodian of wealth he would certainly use it to purchase privileges for his needy neighbors. But, alas, what weaknesses in human nature wealth discovers in its possessors! I have known men who were useful and inspirational members of society when they were poor to become vulgar and bumptious and arrogant and utterly useless to God and humanity when they acquired wealth. As Shakespeare says:

> How quickly nature falls into revolt
> When gold becomes her object!

We should thoughtfully consider the wise remarks of Dr. Samuel Johnson: "When, therefore, the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised or hated by the rest of mankind, we

shall soon be convinced that if the real wants of our condition are satisfied there remains little to be sought with solicitude or desired with eagerness." Is it not a remarkable fact that our chief happiness comes from satisfying the "real wants" of life, and in responding to those sublimest impulses which spring out of simplicity, sincerity, and humility? Riches change all of this natural order, and fill our lives with artificiality and abnormality.

The Chinese have an old proverb:

> Shall I, grasping, gather wealth and breed it—
> For my children jealously conserve it?
> If my sons surpass me, they won't need it;
> If they don't, why, then, they won't deserve it.

The following advertisement appeared in the London Times recently: "To THE RICH—Gentleman, 27, good-looking, six feet, very musical, artistic, good voice, sportsman, whose life since the age of 17 has been a lonely struggle for the bare necessaries against insistent ill luck and disappointment, asks of some one who may take an interest, and who would not even miss them, the means to give him one year of full, real life, to see the beautiful places and things in the world, and have funds *carte blanche* to gratify his own tastes, and taste the happiness that money gives and realizes."

I suppose everyone longs now and then for the opportunities which money could bring, but not many of us stop to consider the discontent and

surfeit and burdensome and aimless leisure and anxiety which usually accompany it. I am sorry for the fellow who inserts the advertisement, but it is not at all certain that he would be satisfied if his dreams could be fulfilled.

> If money made the birds sing any sweeter,
> Or made the skies a brighter, better blue;
> If money made a summer day completer,
> Or added to the sunset's gorgeous view;
> If money made a meadow more entrancing,
> A shady lane a better place to stroll;
> If gold could add one bit to my romancing,
> On money then I'd strive to feed my soul.

But money never has wrought this entrancing transformation, and it never will. Supreme happiness is not a rich nugget found free in easy endeavor; it is always imprisoned in the hard quartz of service and duty. He who seeks for happiness alone will never find it, but he who seeks to be useful will find happiness at every turn.

There is a thrilling story that a Persian army was once led to victory by a brave blacksmith who wore his leather apron. That apron became afterward the army's standard, and was at length completely covered with rare and brilliant jewels. "But as the sign of toil was hidden beneath the blaze of wealth defeat followed upon defeat." So true happiness and victory come with continuous and painstaking and conscientious endeavor. Riches encourage enervating ease. Men trust in money rather than in their own right arm, and have faith in riches rather than in God, and

joyous victories are soon turned into ignominious defeats.

Yes, the only right and safe use of money is to give it away. Life is too short to mistake money for manhood. Seven multi-millionaires and a group of humble deck-hands and stokers and a few unnamed musicians all went down with the Titanic's unsinkable craft—into the democracy of death. When men come to die they are on the same level. A story is told of Henry Thornton. In response to the appeal of a visitor, he had just handed over a check for twenty-five dollars for missions. The ink was hardly dry when a telegram was delivered to him, and he turned pale and trembled as he read. He said, "Give me back that check; I have just received the terrible news that I have lost thousands of dollars." Of course, it might have been expected that the check would be canceled; but, instead, Mr. Thornton wrote another check for five hundred dollars, and, handing it to the surprised visitor, said, "God has taught me that I may not much longer possess my property and that I must use it well." What a joy it must be to have money and to give it away to those who need it! Never have such vast fortunes been poured into the lap of humanity as are being offered to-day. Libraries and colleges and art and science and hospitals and eleemosynary institutions—all are being richly endowed and sustained by the generous offerings of wealthy patrons.

When the nations of the past have indulged in extreme luxury, and at the same time have permitted extreme poverty, their decline has been hastened. It is only when a safe equilibrium is maintained that nations have been able to perpetuate themselves. When the riches of the wealthy are exchanged for the wisdom of the poor, nations have steadily advanced, but when the rich exploit and neglect the poor, and people riot in ostentation and extravagance and gluttony and intemperance and impurity, then the strongest governments rapidly decline and at length become a pathetic memory. In the days of Roman disintegration the condition was so deplorable that the poor would starve if an Alexandrian corn ship was delayed, while the rich were squandering immense fortunes on a single feast, and banqueting on the brains of peacocks and pheasants, and the tongues of nightingales and parrots brought at great expense from distant provinces; and all this while the multitudinous poor were dying of sheer starvation.

All excessive wealth belongs not to those who have acquired it, but to those who need it; and some day, unless freely given, the government will confiscate great fortunes for the benefit of society, just as to-day it condemns for public use certain desirable properties in the exercise of its right of eminent domain. The happiness and perpetuity of a nation depend upon the proper distribution of its surplus wealth. Those are the

securest and happiest nations whose working people are busy in the production of useful things, and whose well-to-do citizens voluntarily share with those less fortunate their increasing prosperity.

I was remarkably impressed with the statement made to me in conversation by a leading Los Angeles banker. I give it to you as the deliberate thought of an expert on the subject of money. There is in his words much food for reflection. He said: "The world's estimate of success, measured by the accumulation of wealth, is a false one, and when thoroughly understood will be changed. One of the costs of riches may be said to be the destruction of one's own family. Mental, as well as physical, strength can be attained only through individual exercise. It can neither be bought nor stolen. The price must be paid by everyone who attains it through personal exertion. The incentive of the rich man's family to do is not so great as that of the poor man's. The rich man's son has not so good an opportunity to succeed in life as has the poor man's; hence the truth of the saying, 'It is three generations between shirt sleeves and shirt sleeves.' Enumerate the things that are worth while in life, the things that endure; not one of them can be bought with money, while the things that can be bought with money tend to weaken and destroy rather than to build up and make strong." In spite of these immutable truths there are some millionaire monsters.

When I refer to millionaire monsters I do not wish to be understood as inveighing against a man simply because a combination of fortunate circumstances has made it possible for him to amass a fortune. There are many men who have become millionaires who have continued to be humble, honest, liberal men, and have dispensed their large gifts to the blessing of humanity about them. In consequence of this wise generosity there are hospitals and libraries and churches and schools all over this land which are the results of the discriminatory benefactions of wealthy men. There are, however, men of vast means who have used their fortunes in selfish indulgence, and have acquired their great wealth by dishonorable methods; they have become increasingly close and penurious, and have direfully oppressed labor and tragically indulged in excessive immoralities.

Among these millionaire monsters are the men who are increasing their ill-gotten fortunes by grinding out the lives of innocent and helpless childhood. One of the infamies of our age is that we have permitted men for money gain to employ little children—mere babies—from six years of age and over, in the great factories of this country. Herod, in his slaughter of the innocent children of Bethlehem, gained for himself the most ignominious place in New Testament history; but Herod is out-Heroded by the bloodthirsty monsters of our day who, against the protest of the nation, continue to earn enormous

dividends at the expense of the sweet lives of beautiful children. The protest of the people should be more earnest and the laws more prohibitive and drastic, until these cruel monstrosities shall be impossible in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O these baby slaves, so fragile!
Dull they look, and yet so agile;
Spindles, spindles ever flying;
Broken threads forever tying.
They see spindles—nothing more;
They hear nothing but the roar
And the whirling of the loom:
This, their world, this stifling room.
God in heaven! Can this be
In a land of liberty?

Above the din and roar of spindles and looms you can hear the sob of these children as they are crying for friends to emancipate them. Let us be among those who will go quickly to their relief.

There are other millionaire monsters among us who, at the lowest possible wage, are employing vast armies of women—women and girls who are dependent, or have aged parents, or invalid husbands; or young widows with little children to support; and these girls and women must go out into the big world to earn a living for themselves and those dependent upon them. The wage which they are compelled to accept or starve scarcely keeps them from want, and drives many of them into "the easier way," where, before long,

their souls and bodies are submerged in the swelling tides of vice and impurity. Men monsters may deny it with heartless zeal, but there is just as close a relationship between "wages and wickedness" as there is between "wages and righteousness." Just as a sufficient wage makes cozy homes, contented hearts, manly endeavor, and well-poised virtue, so does a starvation wage drive girls and women into questionable associations, where for liberal money consideration they compromise their honor and blast their lives. When a starvation wage drives a girl to the poorhouse door, and gives her rags for raiment and hunger for food, who is responsible if, in the hour of humiliation and woe and loneliness, she, being assailed by the tempter, should not have the power to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan"? The Bloody Bluebeards who have grown rich at the expense of the labor of underpaid women should be made to answer now at the bar of justice as they will be compelled to give an account some day at the Judgment Seat of God for their monstrous oppression. I have heard of a Los Angeles millionaire whose riches have steadily increased, and who sometimes gives considerable sums to philanthropy, who blocks every effort made by his associates to increase the salaries of the men in their employ.

Not long since, a successful business man said: "Recently I saw a letter from a millionaire referring to the death of a clerk who had served

him faithfully thirty years. The man who wrote this letter is rated at twenty million dollars. In this letter, after disposing of several matters, he refers to the death of his old employee incidentally, and directed that the exact date of the severance of his connection with the office because of his last illness be ascertained, exact amount due him for the fraction of the month he had worked be figured up, and a check for the amount be mailed to his widow. Do you imagine that old curmudgeon has a soul? I would like to acquire millions, but if the process is going to make me like some of the old devils I know who are millionaires, I don't want the money." Is it not lamentable beyond expression that men can become so greedy to get money that at length their money gets them, and they become at last the avaricious serfs of a power which as completely controls them as if they were the abject slaves of the liquor or the drug habit? Poor, miserable monsters!

"How much did he leave?" asked a man when a millionaire died. "Every penny," a neighbor solemnly replied.

What shall be said of those millionaire monsters who, like deadly boa constrictors, set themselves about the devilish business of inveigling and ensnaring young girls? When William T. Stead, a few years ago, was cast into prison in England because he dared expose the details of a traffic in young girls which was being carried on in Great Britain by rich men aided by human

devils, mostly depraved women, we, here in America, composed ourselves with the comforting assurance that such bestial depravities belonged to the royal families of an effete monarchical system; but we have been suddenly awakened from our dreams by the astounding fact that in our own country atrocities of the most heinous nature are being daily enacted. If some things that are being circulated concerning certain monster millionaires could be proven, and if a poor victimized girlhood could be emboldened to tell what they know, I tell you there are some rich devils in this country who would spend long terms in penitentiaries and prisons.

When, a few years ago, in New York city, a rich man's son took the life of a man as worthless as himself he was adjudged insane and sent to an asylum. But tell me why, when disgrace and dishonor are worse to a woman than kindly death, that a man, when he has ruined not only one, but many beautiful young and innocent lives, shall be permitted to have his freedom and like a beast of prey continue his depredations of impurity. It is a pity that these poor victims of men's depravity have not valiant brothers who could avenge the crimes of these venomous despoilers of America's sweet girlhood. It is to be hoped that the law will be able to get many of these loathsome millionaire monsters.

It is said that a rich man of a beautiful suburb of Los Angeles, whose multiplied millions have

been acquired in the infernal business of making many American citizens abject drunkards, gave his wife at the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage a crown of gold and diamonds of fabulous value, worth two hundred thousand dollars at least. Think of the crowns of thorns that same business has woven for the heads and hearts of an afflicted nation, cursed and enslaved by the horrible rum traffic. This is what I mean by millionaire monsters. When a rich brewer dies it would be most suggestive if, by some irony of fate, his monument could consist of a huge granite shaft at least five hundred feet high, which should be a warning to a city and a State and a nation because the monument was in the shape of a huge beer bottle.

"Which would you rather be, boys, the rich man or Lazarus?" asked a teacher of his class. One boy replied, "I should like to be the rich man while I live, and Lazarus when I die."

It is a good omen when Collier's Weekly had the courage to say recently: "There are a good many sad things about our civilization, but few more discouraging than the fact that in Baltimore and Louisville men who make whisky, and use all the arts of trade to stimulate its consumption, are able, by virtue of their money, to escape the odium which attaches to all others, like gamblers and panders, who stimulate crime and profit by exploiting human weakness." The nation has been phenomenally patient in enduring the de-

spoliation of the infamous liquor traffic, and some of us will live to see the end of this monstrous and inhuman warfare against the souls and bodies, the homes, the happiness, and the health of our nation.

On the last afternoon of the old year of 1886 a young business man of New York city, as he was leaving his store, was handed a memorandum by his bookkeeper showing his profits for the year just closing. He placed it in his pocket without reading it. He had arranged to spend the last hours of the old year with some convivial friends, as he had done in former years. On his way to meet his evening engagement he chanced to remember the memorandum, and, taking it out of his pocket, by the light of a street lamp he was astonished to find how large had been his profits for the year just ending. The size of the amount startled him into a consciousness of his obligation. He had reached a crisis in his life as he stood that night under a lamp-post at the parting of the ways. He hesitated a moment, and then, instead of joining jovial friends for a night of dissipation, he turned his steps toward a humble place of worship, where some devoted Methodists were holding a watch-night service. There he found his mother kneeling at an altar praying for her boy, and he went up and knelt beside her, and with penitent soul poured out his petitions for pardon; and God forgave him, and a Saul of Tarsus in the mercantile world went forth to bless humanity. His business

prosperity increased, and he not only honestly tithed his income, but he gave multiplied thousands in addition. His benefactions were enthusiastically bestowed upon the outcasts of a great city, and armies of needy people have spoken the name of John S. Huyler with grateful hearts. He told his pastor, Dr. C. L. Goodell, that all of his gifts to philanthropy were charged up to what he called his "M. P. account," and he said the mystic symbols stood for "My Partner." He had taken Jesus Christ into his business life, and gladly gave away his large profits for the benefit of those for whom Christ died; and when he appeared at the gate of heaven he was rated as a millionaire in the cashbook of the skies, and no doubt admitted to a worthy place in the gloryland; because when a man dies he is worth only what he has given away.

VIII
EVERY MAN A PENNY

Plow deep while sluggards sleep.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or die.—*Emerson.*

Labor stands on golden feet.—*Old Adage.*

> No man is born into the world whose work
> Is not born with him; there is always work
> And tools to work withal, for those who will;
> And blessed are the horny hands of toil.
> —*Lowell.*

CHAPTER VIII

EVERY MAN A PENNY

When the young ruler had departed from Jesus with sorrowful spirit because the Master's answer to the question, "What shall I do?" was "Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come and follow me," Peter, with characteristic impulsiveness, approaching Jesus, said, with a touch of vanity and an air of self-worthiness, "Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?" Our Lord seized upon these two incidents as presenting a good opportunity to enunciate two deep basal principles of the kingdom of heaven; and delivered the parable of the laborers in the vineyard.

These two inquirers had mistaken the nature of the kingdom. The young synagogue official supposed that there was someting he might do that he might merit eternal life, as if everlasting life could be secured by some act of ostentatious devotion. Peter blundered in another direction. In reply to the Master's command about giving up all, he ventured to inquire what he and the other disciples should have as reward for their self-abnegation. Christ thereupon emphasizes by gentle instruction the great fact that the kingdom of heaven on earth is entered not by doing or having, but by believing—by faith.

Jesus, on another occasion, when he was asked, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" answered, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." Faith, then, is works. Paul caught the Master's meaning when he writes, "Therefore being justified by faith"; and the truth flashed upon Luther, when, ascending the steps of the Lateran on his knees, he suddenly arose to his feet and cried out, "The just shall live by faith!"

The entrance to the kingdom of heaven is not by works, for the one-hour toilers in the vineyard received a denarius of the same value as those who had wrought the entire twelve hours. The important lesson is that it is not what man does that merits him heaven, but what he believes. The towers of Babel of either ancient or modern builders cannot even reach the clouds; the earth's Babylons and Romes in a few generations are merely ruins haunted by moles and bats and curio vandals; and man's little systems of philosophy are but the laughingstock of succeeding generations. Man's best works are but houses of sand on the strand of the restless ocean of eternity, to be washed away by the resistless tide of events. Man is not the architect of his own fortunes; he is a builder. God is the architect. When man assumes the position of architect as well as builder, crumbling towers of Babel and the confusion of unbelief inevitably result. God can be known only by faith, and the redoubts of

the Almighty cannot be scaled by man's little labor or logic.

It must not be concluded from this that our Lord is encouraging the anarchistic idea that there is no reward or honor to the man who industriously applies himself to a full day's labor. Labor is worship. Labor is life and growth. Labor is happiness and peace. The most pitiable object is the idle man. The honest laborer is the only real nobleman on earth. Labor makes him available for all the greatest blessings for which God has created men. Rest is a blessing only when it recuperates for further labor. Even luxurious idleness is not happiness, but leads to moral obliquity, extravagance, dissipation, and often to insanity. A poet sings that "to labor is to pray."

Labor is worship!—the robin is singing;
Labor is worship!—the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
  Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
  Only man shrinks, in the plan, from his part.

Labor is life!—'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
  Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
  Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
  Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.

Work, and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work, thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow;
  Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health!—lo! the husbandman reaping.
How through the veins goes the life-current leaping!
How his strong arm in his stalwart pride sweeping,
  True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides!
Labor is wealth!—in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
  Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee!
  Rest not content in thy darkness, a clod!
Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
  Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

Within the kingdom of heaven the most blessed man is not the one-hour toiler. He may gain his entrance by faith, but if he would maintain his honor and his blessing, and become a fruitful branch, it will be only by continued and loving devotion. Our Lord does not here disparage the industrious, painstaking worker in his vineyard. He is simply striving to correct the mistakes of his disciples in supposing that infinite life and goodness are purchasable by cheap coins of finite mintage. Faith is the portal to the kingdom, but work is the occupation of the citizens of the kingdom.

The other good lesson of this much-misunder-

stood parable is that in Christ's kingdom on earth, while there are wages, there must also be gifts, and while there is justice there must be bounties. Christ's mission was to lift humanity by imparting divinity. The young ruler heard Christ say, "Give to the poor—and come and follow me." Christ ever and always linked himself to debased and depressed humanity. In God's government we are familiar with his use of wages and gifts. Sin pays wages, but God offers gifts. Man's sins are promptly paid for with death, for sin is death; and if man for his little good received simply wages, it would be some temporal or finite reward; but God goes beyond man's earning power and not only gives him wages, but adds the gift of eternal life. For being faithful in a "few things" God not only trusts man to rule "many things," but admits him into "the joy of the Lord." For finite fidelity there is infinite recompense. The farmer by labor in his fields touches the hem of the garment of the Creator, and the toiler in the vineyard of the Lord is introduced to the mystery of life.

What God does with man, man must do with his fellows. To his brothers man must dispense bounties and gifts as well as justice and wages. Herein lies the solution of the vexatious social problems of our day. Christianity is equal to the great task of inaugurating a happy and complete social condition. It is a mistaken principle of economics that society has no duty to the man

who, for some reason, cannot, or does not, earn a full wage. The world is full of fractional men, men who are found idle at nine o'clock in the morning, at twelve o'clock, at three in the afternoon, at five o'clock. The faithful, industrious man represents a unit; thank God, there are many such. Then there are the nine-twelfths of a man, the six-twelfths of a man, the three-twelfths of a man, and, lastly, the one-hour toiler—the one-twelfth of a man; all are fractions of a unit.

The great sociological idea emphasized by Jesus in this parable is that just as the lord of the vineyard went out at succeeding hours of the day and hired the tardy workmen, so it must be the business of society to do all in its power for the fractional man. The units will take care of themselves. Christianity has a special mission to the fractional man. If there had been no fractional men Christ would not have come. There are many superinducing causes which swell the army of fractional men. They are most frequently victims of causes over which they had and have no control; and so long as the causes are not removed the effects are certain to appear.

If the fractional man receives wages and justice only, he and his family will suffer. Gifts and bounties must be dispensed wisely and with increasing care. The fractional man is the product of heredity or environment or both. If he would be made to approach steadily to the dignity of a unit, he must be given better environment, for

however inexorable heredity may seem to be, it is a deep-seated principle that environment is stronger than heredity. In the efforts to elevate the fractional man, therefore, there must be relief bounties and preventive bounties.

Relief bounties must aid the idle man to find work, and force him, if necessary, to stay by his work by most judiciously supplementing his small wage for a time for the benefit of his family. It is safe to say that if all men had the same good fortune in ancestry and birth and opportunity the number of unfortunates would be much reduced. Men's successes or failures, as a rule, depend more upon blood and environment than upon any phenomenal genius. Then there must be preventive bounties, in order that the cruel forces which inevitably produce the fractional man shall be destroyed. What evils and vices go on unrebuked, which, like the blight in the wheatfield, reduce the chances and efficiency of men around us! Many men are good workmen when they are sober, and many are industrious when they have work to do. Such men must have preventive bounties in removing the temptation to drink and in assistance to find employment.

Opportunity, and not alms, is a wise preventive bounty. Christ enshrined himself in the human form so that in every man there would be a reminder of the Christ. No man can become so much of a degenerate that he does not bear some likeness to Christ. *Christ*-ianity is the need of the

world's social condition. Many other things will help, but the shortest and surest method for the awakening and development of the fractional man is to have Christ—"Christ in him the hope."

How long it takes a tardy Christianity to discover its true mission! So much has Christ been the inspiration of poem, picture, statue, song, and sermon that a selfish, hurrying world has willingly accepted a sentimental Christ, until to-day our neglected Lord is calling to us. His voice comes up to us from the depths of despair and squalor and sorrow; from the haunts of fallen manhood and womanhood; from the purgatories of vice and disease; and he is saying, as of old, "Go sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me." The cries and wounds and agonies of humanity are the agonies and wounds and cries of Christ.

The familiar term "wages" is derived from the Latin and means "a pledge." It is a "reward for labor," whether that labor be with the hands or the head or the heart or all of these combined. A wage-earner is one who for a stipulated amount engages in production for the profit of his employer, and for his own benefit. Wages are fixed either for the amount of time consumed or the quality of the article produced. The wage varies according to the fluctuations in the purchasing power of money. If there is a debasement of the currency, there is a corresponding decrease in wages and a degradation of labor. When gold,

which is the basis of money, was discovered in California and Australia there was a rise in wages in America and England.

A man whose employment is healthful and agreeable, and whose life is lengthened and strengthened by his labors, will have indeed a higher wage than the other man who, receiving the same amount of money, yet suffers injury from his toil. And there are often money differences without increasing benefit in the end. The true wage should, therefore, be based upon the mutual advantage which accrues to the employer and the employee. The wage-earner should not expect to gain all the money, nor the wage-payer all of the benefit. The whole crux of what is called the labor problem lies in the inclination of the selfish human heart to cupidity.

Among the ancient Greeks the helots—the laboring people—were slaves and were bought and sold with the soil. In modern times there were multitudes of serfs in the Old World and slaves in the New and Old. But, happily, these have all been emancipated in our own generation. But there may still remain an abject servitude if the man who labors is held down by the iron heel of avarice, and is compelled to labor at a wage which keeps his family in poverty and lays upon him almost impossible burdens.

As people grow richer and the purchasing power of money grows less, and the prices of life's necessities increase, wages should be steadily advanced.

That is a false and fatal economic condition, and will not be always tolerated, which makes it inevitable that the rich shall grow richer and the poor become poorer.

The law of wages should be discovered and enforced just as all other laws of values. Many wise men have sought for the fundamental principles which underlie this great subject. It is a dictum of Adam Smith which can be accepted as a truism that "the produce of labor constitutes the natural recompense or wages of labor." But there will always be a problem and conflict if the pay to the man who toils is not commensurate with the profit of the man who employs. It is not a true and safe economic condition when the laborer does all of the work and the employer gains all of the profit, or when the wage-earner gets all the money and the employer stands all the losses.

There never will be a permanent and wholly satisfactory condition until the producer who does the skillful labor shall not only receive his wage, but shall likewise share in the generous profits, which without his expert labor would be impossible. Whatever riches are acquired should be shared alike: the workman contributing his industry and skill, and the employer contributing his genius and initiative; and then a proper division of the profits. These are ideal economic conditions toward which there is a slow but certain evolution.

The world has not wholly recovered from the

erroneous notion that it is less respectable to be an artisan than a clerk, or attendant, or something less laborious. Men have turned away from wholesome lucrative trades for this reason, and have sought secretarial positions, until to-day the master-workmen are larger money-makers than those who looked with discredit upon labor. The most independent man among us is he who is an expert in a line of labor for which there is a steadily increasing demand; and the wage of the master-mechanic has never been too large, and will become larger. That rich man was a real monster of selfishness who congratulated himself that he built his house at a profitable figure because wages were low. Low wages never measure real comfort and contentment and prosperity. That is not a desirable condition when any class of men gain in any advantage at the expense of their fellow men.

The price of labor, like all other commodities, will be affected by the law of supply and demand. While it is probable that the entire regulation of wages by the State is impracticable, yet, as there is a starvation wage to which some cruel men would be willing to reduce their fellows, it should be within the province of Legislatures to pass minimum-wage laws, as well as laws regulating maximum hours of labor. If all men would honor the Golden Rule legislation would be unnecessary, but because selfish man has too reluctantly conceded the rights of his fellows there

have been many laws passed, and there will be more, which are compelling the employers of labor to provide for the safety, comfort, convenience, and health of their employees.

There is a steady oscillation from those mediæval and ancient days, when the laborer was a menial and the leisure class lived in luxury, toward that other point in the ascending arc of economic justice when the man that hires will make less proportional profit than the man that is hired. The day will come when the man who labors hardest with his hands, head and heart will possess the most luxuries; and the so-called leisure class will be compelled to pay so much for their enervating ease that that class of social parasites will soon exhaust their resources. If there is one monster and ingrate and tragic misshapen deformity, it is the indolent man, who lives on what he has inherited and contributes nothing to the sum total of human industry, sympathy and service.

There can be nothing said against organized labor or incorporated capital, for men will get together for self-preservation; and these notable organizations which exist among us to-day help men to be loyal to each other and to stand firmly in contention for their rights, which will be recognized only when they possess the power of united action to enforce their just claims.

To be a laboring man was never so honorable as to-day. Look at the wages paid in England as

chronicled by the historians Macaulay and Gibbon and Knight, when in the fifteenth century the laborer received four shillings a week, and the mason and carpenter five and one quarter pence per day without food; and a little later when the village preacher was "passing rich on forty pounds a year." Contrast all these with the present day, and let men not be discouraged, but hopeful. The introduction of machinery advanced the price of labor, and the more intricate the machine the more skillful must the labor be, and the more is the labor worth. For example, look at the automobile. It is not only the most ingenious present-day device for separating prosperous people from their money, to which some persons hold with such Shylock tenacity, but in the manufacture and operating of this remarkably useful instrument of comfort and convenience a vast army of men is now employed at high wages.

To be happy and useful is the divinest achievement of human life. Let it never be forgotten that the busy man is the happy and useful man; and that money alone never did and never can make anybody happy; and that money is useful only as it is transformed into joyful and thoughtful ministries.

In the application of the Golden Rule the brotherhood and sisterhood of the race will be recognized and established. Then love will take the place of hate, and sympathy will wipe away indifference. The master and the man, as Tol-

stoy has pathetically declared, are each a necessity to the happiness and prosperity of the other.

> Ah, then shall all men's good
> Be each man's rule, and universal peace
> Lie like a shaft of light across the land.

Plainly, there is just one cure for all these industrial social ills. Dr. Maurice spoke wisely when he said, "Be very sure of this, that no human creatures will be found saying sincerely, 'Our brothers' on earth, unless they have said previously 'Our Father who art in heaven.' " The Golden Rule is Christ's law, and only Christ can completely enforce that law. Let us, therefore, try Christianity. Let us give Christianity a chance.

The equality of all men will be hastened when each man becomes the custodian of the health, the happiness, the comfort, the morals of the other. It must ever be remembered that the truth of the unity of the race is inherent from creation. Dr. Washington Gladden has said, "The law of the unity of human interests is not true because Christ taught it; he taught it because it is true." It takes the world a long time to understand Christ. Do you remember Lowell's poetic parable in which he represents Jesus saying, "I will go and see how the men, my brethren, believe in me"; and he descends to earth to be honored and feted by people everywhere. Christ is represented as gently rebuking his followers

for all their "pomp and state," and the poem continues:

> Then Christ sought out an artisan,
> A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
> And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin,
> Pushed from her faintly want and sin.
> These set he in the midst of them,
> And as they drew back their garments' hem
> In fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he,
> "The images ye have made of me."

IX
WHAT IS LIFE?

As a shaft that is sped from a bow unseen to an unseen mark,
As a bird that gleams in the firelight, and hurries from dark to dark,
As the face of the stranger who smiles as we passed in the crowded street—
Our life is a glimmer, a flutter, a memory, fading, yet sweet!
—*Lawton.*

The pregnant quarry teemed with human form.—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

Life is a mission. Every other definition of life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points, all agree in this, that every existence is an aim.—*Mazzini.*

CHAPTER IX

WHAT IS LIFE?

Let us continue a little further the explorations of the previous chapter.

The ancients believed that life proceeded from fire, and devotedly worshiped the Lares and Penates, tutelary deities of the ashes of the hearthstone. The vestal virgins kept the fires continuously burning upon sacred altars as a token of national prosperity, and Prometheus was believed to have animated a figure of clay by putting a spark of fire into it.

Materialistic science is increasingly puzzled with the riddle of physical life. Tyndall and Pasteur exploded forever the theory of spontaneous generation. Huxley strongly declared that "there is not a shadow of trustworthy evidence that abiogenesis does take place, or has taken place"; and Spencer wrote: "I do not believe in spontaneous generation, commonly alleged. The very conception of spontaneity is wholly incongruous with the conception of evolution." Haeckel confesses that the "inner essence is unknown." Lord Kelvin indulged his fancy a little when he said that perhaps the original life germ came from distant planets by means of meterorites. It is therefore a generally accepted shibboleth of science that

"all living comes from living"—*Omne vivum ex vivo.*

Those who ruthlessly seek for a mechanical interpretation of life only expose themselves to pity. The chemist's laboratory will probably never produce a perfect germ of life. All life comes from life, and behind all life and force are force and life—God. "Life is a secret to be reverenced, but not explained."

What is life? "A day at most," says Burns; "A short summer—man a flower," says Johnson; "A pendulum between a smile and a tear," according to Byron; Sir Walter Raleigh believed that "life is a tragedy"; and Seneca that life is a "warfare"; Shakespeare, "A miracle"—"a shuttle"; Moses said it was "as a watch in the night"; and David "As a flower of the field"; and James wrote that life is "as a vapor"; and dear John Whittier sang,

> Our lives are albums written through
> With good will, with false or true.
> And as the blessed angels turn
> The pages of our years,
> God grant they read the good with smiles,
> And blot the ill with tears.

Life is man's chance—it is opportunity. Life is responding to our environment. By examining the wing of a bird and the fin of a fish atmosphere and water can be predicated. Man's body, mind, heart all prophesy achievement and destiny. Man was created "a shaving less than God." Man is placed here to subdue the earth, but he

cannot subdue a grain of sand until he has learned how to subdue himself. Upon the mastery of himself depends the utilization of his chance. "He that conquers himself conquers an energy."

There are certain modern philosophers who in seeking for a definition of life are attempting to disturb and, if possible, destroy many sacred ideals upon which society has depended in the past. It is passing strange that many of these blind leaders encourage larger physical indulgence —a life more sensual and less spiritual. For instance, G. Bernard Shaw says, "Man has really very little to be thankful for"; and "Beware of a man whose God is in the skies"; and "If there is any one sin in the present state of evolution, it is the sin of contentment." He advises "the repudiation of duty as the first step toward progress," and declares there is no such thing as God, beauty, and poverty. These statements are either the droolings of an idiot, the silly chatterings of an ape, or the vicious vagaries of a libertine in the garb of a disciple of truth. His dramatic writings are neurotic, amorous, debasing, corrupting, and obnoxious—an expression of his iconoclastic theories. He has remarkable facility for saying nonsensical things with a show of sincerity.

In seeking for a solution to the same riddle of life William Blake declares, "Death to the familiar," and "only the inconceivable and impossible and unattainable exalt." As we become acquainted with the ebullitions of this vaporous

man we reach a quick conclusion that, instead of being "a pontiff of a new spiritual dispensation," he is, indeed, a clown of tomfoolery, of the impracticable and the useless.

Quaint Count Tolstoy made a rather picturesque, if not heroic, attempt to define life, but he only succeeded in confusing the issue. A recent writer has well characterized this paradoxical Russian: "It is the half-truth that is the dangerous thing. The fatal half-truth has no more distinguished exponent than Count Tolstoy. He is antithetical, not synthetical. The effect of his teaching is to divide men, not unite them." The old gentleman was a victim of an unctuous and apparently unconscious egotism, which superinduced that supremely peaceful condition of mind which gave him unqualified confidence in his own conclusions.

What shall be said of Nietzsche, whose iconoclastic vagaries have gained an immense vogue in Europe? The Ten Commandments are a great embarrassment to the application of his theories. If his followers were to attempt to apply, for instance, such a principle, as "Chastity is a virtue for some, but for many it is almost a vice," they would find it most difficult to keep themselves out of adulterous complications and consequent prison cells.

The baneful and logical results of Nietzscheism may be seen when Dr. Parker's degenerated pulpit in City Temple, London, bears such heretical

and traitorous attacks upon the pure ideals of society and religion as the following: "The roué you saw in Piccadilly last night, who went out to corrupt innocence and to wallow in filthiness of the flesh, was engaged in his blundering quest for God." This would be grotesque if it were not so pitiful. "Sin is, after all, a quest for God," he continues. This is horribly and diabolically absurd. No such respectability is to be accorded the libertine and fiend incarnate. Sin is no part of God's plan for the discovery of God to man. Christ came to discover sin to man. Sin is at the nadir. God is at the zenith. Sin is not a virtuous path toward God, but it is error, and always the penalty of law disobeyed or forgotten. "The wages of sin is death."

All such teachers who seek to solve the problem of life by defying biblical standards not only deepen the mystery of life, but they poison and shorten life. A writer says, "Nietzsche says in substance, 'Follow yourselves and you will follow me; follow me and you will lose both yourselves and me.'" Now, contrast all these vain, destructive teachings with Jesus of Nazareth, who writes: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." "Come unto me, and I will give you rest!"

Any theory of life which shortens or vitiates life, and makes life more bewildering, is false—a curse—and should be promptly and pugnaciously resisted. "More life" should be the watchword.

More life is a remedy for death, as more health is a defense against disease, and as more power in the engine reduces the friction and increases the momentum. Life fulfills its mission as it accepts more life and inspires more life in others. We have an affinity for life, and that is why we love babies, flowers, trees, and domestic animals. Larger life is not found in physical excesses, but in maintaining physical vitality, by pure air, abundance of water, simple food, and regular exercise. "O for health and a day!" cried a wise man. Destiny is often fixed by health.

Life is increased and enriched by an intellectual grasp of truth. Life is what we are thinking about. Lord Macaulay said: "If anyone would make me a king—the greatest who ever lived—with palaces, gardens, dinners, hundreds of servants, etc., on condition that I would not read books, I would not be a king. I should rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading." Many of life's choicest secrets are found in good books. All ages contribute to the enlarged life of the person who reads great books.

If we had more faith we would have more life. Professor William James wrote, thoughtfully: "Our faith beforehand in an uncertified result is often the thing which makes the result come true. What use can a scientific life have for 'maybes'? I have been asked. It has much to do, and human life everything to do with them. There is not a

scientific exploration or experiment or textbook that may not be a mistake. Believe what is in line with your needs, for only by such belief is the need fulfilled." All life's endeavors begin with X —the unknown quantity, whose value must be discovered; an hypothetical proposition to be replaced by demonstration. "Have faith in God." Beware of the man who has not a God in the skies.

More service makes more life. Giving increases our correspondences. Life is responding to our environment, which we do by service. The flower has more life than the blade of grass, the bird than the flower, the horse than the bird; and man more than all of these, because he is capable of serving most. If he gives, he gets. It is easy to get, hard to give, and harder to give up. Character is the fine art of giving up.

Christ is the fourth dimension of the soul. We have height and depth and breadth, but Christ is the fulfillment of the soul's inexpressible reach. He said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Our little pet dog walked about the Christmas tree, saw the tinsel, and ate any candy he could reach, but he did not understand. We have a dimension which the dog does not possess. So, if we leave Christ out of our life, we go about in the midst of beautiful spiritual forces, but we do not see or feel them. The spirit is life. Love is spirit; gravity, steam, electricity, patriotism, sympathy

are spirit. The spiritual is the real life. When the body disintegrates, the spirit untrammeled enters fully into its fourth dimension. To make this temporary human hut an abiding place of spirit must be our struggle.

> Life is not an idle ore,
> But iron dug from central gloom,
> And heated hot with burning fears,
> And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
> And battered with the shocks of doom,
> To shape and use.

We must therefore welcome the forge and the anvil.

All physical life except man's is being lived—controlled by fixed laws. Man reaches his highest possibility when, of his own volition and humble submission to God, he permits himself to be lived—a willing branch for the purposes of God. Lowell sang of Wendell Phillips,

> He humbly joined himself to the weaker part,
> So that he might be the nearer to God's heart.

And Whittier:

> And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
> Thy creatures as they be,
> Forgive me if too close I lean
> My human heart on thee.

When Saint Gaudens was carving his bas-relief masterpiece in memory of dear Robert Louis Stevenson, with the fine discrimination of a genius he adopted the translated poet's own lines:

Under the wide and starry sky
  Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
  And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me;
  Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor home from the sea,
  And the hunter home from the hill.

X
SELF-MASTERY

Love took up the harp of Life and smote
On all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that trembling
Passed in music out of sight.

—*Tennyson.*

I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

—*In Memoriam.*

He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city.—*Proverbs.*

CHAPTER X

SELF–MASTERY

Jesus Christ, the Great Exemplar, is himself the living embodiment of all Christian ideals. Let us contemplate his superb self-mastery. He said, "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." "He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." He was rich, and for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. One ardent convert said, "Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest," and Jesus replied, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." That he might be touched with a feeling of the infirmities of mankind, the soul of Christ struck the whole gamut of human suffering: poverty, temptation, pain, and sorrow.

Never in all the annals of self-mastery was there such an example of personal restraint as in the events of Christ's betrayal and trial and martyrdom. Instead of grinding perfidious Judas into powder as he gave the traitorous kiss, Jesus asked, in words which afterward broke the heart of Iscariot, "Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" When Peter chivalrously drew a weapon

to defend his Master, he was gently rebuked with the words, "Put up again thy sword into his place"; and Jesus turned quickly and healed the wound which the hasty disciple had inflicted, and said, "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?"

During all that tragical travesty of justice called the trial of Jesus, when they scourged him, and ridiculed him by placing a royal robe about him, and pressed a crown of cruel thorns upon his sacred brow, and spat in his wonderful face, there was not an instant when Jesus could not have resented all these gross and ignominious indignities, and visited condign and deserved punishment upon those degenerate malefactors. And when they reached the tragical climax of all their perfidy by nailing him to a cross, as if he were the most debased criminal, and disdainfully went back and forth, "wagging their heads" and hurling spiteful epithets and tauntings, and then, having exhausted their resources of treachery, with deliberate diabolism they "sat down and watched him there," so complete was our Lord's infinite command of his own spirit that, "like a sheep before its shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." And he exhibited all this patient endurance when, in an instant, a single word from his holy lips could have emptied all the vials of divine wrath upon his vile persecutors. So amazing and phenomenal was our Lord's self-

repression, and so finely did he hold the leash of his own outraged feelings, and with such infinite patience did he pass through all this horrible ordeal of pain and torture, that a Roman officer, who was compelled to be present at the shameful execution, and had witnessed many times the infliction of the death penalty, said, "Truly this man was the Son of God."

He might have built a palace at a word,
  Who sometimes had not where to lay his head;
  Time was, and he who nourished crowds with bread
Would not one meal unto himself afford;

Twelve legions girded with angelic sword
  Were at his beck—the scorned and buffeted!
  He healed another's scratch, his own side bled,
Side, feet, and hands with cruel piercings gored;

O wonderful the wonders left undone!
  And scarce less wonderful than those he wrought!
  O self-restraint, passing all human thought,
To have all power and be—as having none!
O self-denying Love, which felt alone
For needs of others, never for its own!

The problem of self-mastery is most difficult because we are created as individuals and are bound to defend ourselves. In fact, self-preservation is regarded as the first law of life. Each soul is a cosmos. Each individual is a self-acting personality responsible for his career. How to develop selfhood and not become selfish is as narrow a boundary as the line which separates love from jealousy.

To make the problem more intricate, certain false teachers, like John Stuart Mill, announce that "Self-interest will control all things for the public weal"; and others, like Nietzsche, insist that "selfishness is the right of the weak and the duty of the strong." The "Over-man" ideal of some of these decadent modern philosophers is a creature who exploits other men, and rises upon the stepping-stones of the dead bones and hopes of others. It "deifies passion and despises reason," and ridicules faith in God and duty to our fellows. It talks about the "escape from life." It says that "it is the strong man's duty not to allow himself to be bound as the Liliputians bound Gulliver, for he must prevent the weak from sharing his strength with him." Selfishness is thus made an inglorious virtue.

That stuff may do for the Shavites and the hypnotized followers of a crazy Nietzsche, but it is not Christianity, whose Divine Founder said long since, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it"; "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself"; "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off"; and "If thou will be perfect, go sell and give." That, indeed, is the subjugation of self.

Self-mastery is attained by reducing our unnecessary wants, and learning that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth"; by curbing our personal ambitions and natural desires for gain; by val-

iantly battling against vanity and self-interest. In self-mastery selfhood begins.

Some men behave as if they thought the axis of the earth ran through their little souls. In inverse ratio as men overestimate themselves does the world correctly estimate them. The swagger and pomposity of the self-centered man are never mistaken for true culture and real superiority. Stateliness, loneliness, simplicity, sublimity, and silence characterize the highest peaks. Shallow streams fret and overflow with troublesome inundations, but the deep rivers roll in rhythmic measures toward the sea.

The most ludicrous sight in the world is some bombastic little fellow, with a shrill falsetto voice, strutting about among his fellows vainly imagining that he is the majestic cock of the walk, when all his fellow men know that he has not attained even the respectable proportions of a bantam rooster. These are the dwarfish creatures who are the defenders of the "Owlet Atheism," which

> Sailing athwart the heavens at noon,
> Drops its blue fringed lids and shuts them close,
> And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
> Cries out, "Where is it?"

If we would acquire self-mastery, we must not take our eccentricities too seriously; we must not mistake idiosyncrasy for genius, or vanity for vision. We must remember that it would probably have made very little difference in the sum total of goodness if we had died in our child-

hood. We are too little to doubt, because we are too ignorant to understand. It is not at all likely that a thing is not true because we cannot comprehend it. To hear some of these "Owlet" folk talk you would wonder how the Creator got this big universe started without their presence and advice. Ruskin tells of a man whose name was Lord, who always spelled the name of Deity with a small "l" to avoid confusion with his own name.

> Proud man, dressed in a little brief authority,
> Plays such fantastic tricks
> Before high heaven
> As make the angels weep.

The selfish man is a friendless man, an isolated man, a defeated man, a cynical man, a sarcastic man. Like the Ancient Mariner, he is

> Alone, alone, all, all alone;
> Alone on a wide, wide sea;

like Napoleon in exile, a man without a country, a general without an army, an emperor without an empire. Selfishness is tragedy.

> All who joy would win
> Must share it—happiness was born a twin.

Self-mastery is not the extermination of self, but the exaltation of self; not flagellation, but chastening; not the elimination of self, but the enthronement of goodness. In exquisite verse Eng-

land's laureate enshrines this ideal in Waterloo's modest but masterful victor:

Rich in saving common sense,
And as the greatest only are
In his simplicity sublime.
That tower of strength
Which stood four square to all the winds that blew.
The path of duty was the way to glory,
For this is England's greatest son.
He has gained a hundred fights
And never lost an English gun.

Contrast with this the Scottish bard's immortal lines:

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

The penalty of selfish indulgence is painfully described in the career of the victim of Kipling's "Vampire"—"For some of him lived, but most of him died." Oblivion and extinction await the man who lives for himself and himself alone—he is mostly dead now before he reaches his grave.

In some of the art stores you have doubtless seen what at first glimpse seems to be the etching of a beautiful but frivolous girl sitting admiringly before a mirror in self-worship; but at a distance the picture resolves itself into a horrible skull with hollow sockets for eyes, and sharp cheek-bones, and ghastly teeth. It is a frightful, artistic representation of the tragedy of vanity and selfishness. In

contrast with this, I am thinking of a gentlewoman of quiet beauty. Her home was ever cheerful and hospitable. Her heart was tender with all exquisite motherliness. Her hands were ever busy with loving ministries. The sick, the sad, the needy, the wayward were all the recipients of her angelic kindnesses. Like a messenger of light, she would glide into life's dark and forbidding places. When she went up to her crown overwhelming loneliness crept over her home, her church, and her neighborhood. It is wonderful what a world of gracious influences may center in the heart of one little woman! Though she was constantly giving up for others, she was steadily adding to the luster of her own divine identity. She did not surrender her personality, she gained it. She did not abandon immortality, she won it; and as a gracious Christian princess she now wears a crown of fadeless beauty and a robe of spotless white.

With a flavor of dogmatism and a show of originality Frederic Harrison has said: "We believe that selfishness can be cured only by religion —by a social religion, the aim of which is not to land the believer in heaven, but to reform human nature upon earth. Religion has never fairly set itself to that direct object, though incidentally it has done much to promote it, often without intending it, and sometimes in spite of its own dogmatic precepts." This often useful writer seems to overlook the fact that that is just what

Jesus Christ's gospel came to do. The landing of people in heaven was not what Jesus Christ came primarily to do, but to land heaven down here among the people. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." "Love your enemies." "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." That is all a social religion. It takes some belated philosophers a long time to wake up. There is a divine imperative urging all men into generous ministries toward their fellow—"Ye that are strong ought."

Sidney Lanier, in his charming little poem on his mocking bird, "Bob," says in a preliminary note: "We have learned much of the privilege of genius, of the right of the artist to live out his own existence free from the conventionalities of society, of the unmorality of art, etc., but I do protest that the greater the artist, and the more profound his pity for his fellow men for whom he works, the readier will be his willingness to forego the privileges of genius, and cage himself in the conventionalities even as the mocking bird is caged." In the realm of self-mastery there is no such thing as "art for art's sake," or "business for business' sake," or "ambition for ambition's sake"; for art and business and ambition have no excuse for existence unless they contribute to the uplift of humanity. Anything which exploits

mankind for its own sake, and leaves men and women tainted or tarnished, as "art for art's sake" often does, will not in some future day of superb unselfishness be permitted to flutter its alluring and dissipating blandishments, and trespass ruthlessly upon the conventionalities. It must be art for humanity's sake, business for humanity's sake, ambition for humanity's sake, or these things are not to be tolerated at all.

He that masters himself acquires an energy. All other enemies are easily foiled and routed after a man has conquered himself. He has poise and perspective; he knows the law of values, and is not easily unweaponed because, having fought the intense duel of self-mastery, he has become acquainted with the art of successful defense. "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he which taketh a city" because many a conqueror of walled citadels has become a tragic victim of his own weaknesses and foibles. If Napoleon could have mastered Bonaparte, he would have exchanged places with Wellington. Prodigies of vanity will sooner or later come to the humiliation of Waterloo and the dingy and doleful monotony of Saint Helena. The genius of progress does not intend to place a permanent crown upon the imperious brow of selfishness. Selfishness is repugnant to the ideals and discordant to the rhythm of true progress. Precipices and catastrophes await the selfish cavalier who tramples his fellows under his horse's hoofs, but kingdoms

and principalities are holding out jeweled crowns to those who faithfully serve their brother men.

That is rare and victorious vantage ground upon which a warrior stands when he rests his feet upon the prostrate figure of his vanquished self. In the glittering armor of their self-mastery Joseph and Daniel passed from prison pens to premiership pinnacles; and Paul from the jaws of wild beasts and the treacherous malignity of a multitudinous foe to that glistening Tabor summit from which he could shout back to his devoted admirer: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

In the soft robes of that same self-mastery a sweet little crippled mother reached the divinest realization:

She folded up the worn and mended frock,
And smoothed it tenderly upon her knee,
Then through the soft web of a wee red sock
She wove the bright woof, musing thoughtfully:
"Can this be all? The great world is fair;
I hunger for its green and pleasant ways."
A cripple, prisoned in her restless chair,
Looks from her window with a wistful gaze.

"I can but weave a faint thread to and fro,
Making a frail woof in a baby's sock;

Into the world's sweet tumult I would go,
  At its strong gates my trembling hands would knock."
Just then the children came, the father too;
  Their eager faces lit the twilight gloom.
"Dear heart," he whispered, as he nearer drew,
  "How sweet it is within this little room!

"God puts my strongest comfort here to draw
  When thirst is great and common wells are dry.
Your pure desire is my unerring law;
  Tell me, dear one, who is so safe as I?
Home is the pasture where my soul may feed,
  This room a paradise has grown to be;
And only when these patient feet shall lead
  Can it be home for these dear ones and me."

He touched with reverent hand the helpless feet,
  The children crowded close and kissed her hair.
"Our mother is so good and kind and sweet,
  There's not another like her anywhere!"
The baby in her low bed opened wide
  The soft blue flowers of her timid eyes
And viewed the group about the cradle-side
  With smiles of glad and innocent surprise.

The mother drew the baby to her knee,
  And, smiling, said: "The stars shine soft to-night.
My world is fair; its edges sweet to me,
  And whatsoever is, dear Lord, is right!"

—*Unknown.*

And likewise did Esther, beautiful queen, pass from the luxurious obscurity of an Oriental palace into the wide realm of a world benefactress. Truly, those who will lose their lives shall find them. Character is the fine art of giving up.

It was in this same glittering armor of self-mastery that Colonel W. B. Travis sent his message from the besieged Alamo. Travis and Davy Crockett and Colonel Bowie and nearly two hun-

dred other brave patriots were making their gallant stand for the liberty of Texas. Cruel Santa Anna had come up from Mexico with a large army to capture or destroy, and had surrounded the fort with a long siege, determined that he would starve his prisoners into abject surrender. Travis succeeded in sending a letter through the guard asking his friends for reinforcements. In this notable message he says: "We will never retreat or surrender. Take good care of my motherless little boy. If I live, I will educate and protect him; if I die, he will be comforted by knowing that he had a father who was willing to lay down his life for his country." What a self-mastering patriot was this gallant defender of liberty! Not long afterward (for reenforcements were not available) the bloodthirsty invader fiercely assaulted the Alamo with its depleted garrison. O, what a slaughter was there! Every defender of liberty fought until he was shot down by a relentless foe. "Thermopylæ had its messengers of defeat; the Alamo had none."

Some months ago, when we were luxuriously reveling in the midst of the enchanting beauty of an early southern California springtime, scenes were being enacted in the midst of the frigid and tragic isolation of the south pole which only recently have been brought to the attention of the world. In all the records of self-mastery there is nothing to surpass the gallant self-sacrifice of Captain Robert Scott and his heroic

companions. Scott's antarctic expedition left London in June, 1910. No word was received from them until the next spring, and again in April, 1912; but on February 10, 1913, word came to the anxious friends that the records of the successful journey, and the bodies of Captain Scott and four of his companions, had been recovered. They reached the south pole January 18, 1912, and found the tent and records left there by Captain Roald Amundsen.

The records of Captain Scott are an epic of chivalry and courage. Adverse weather conditions were encountered, and fierce blizzards obstructed their journey homeward. In his diary Captain Scott tells of the martyrdom of Captain Oates, whose feet and hands had become so terribly frostbitten that his condition was making it impossible for the little party to move rapidly enough, and the chances of the safety of all the others were imperiled. Accordingly, one morning Captain Oates deliberately walked out of the camp into a terrible blizzard and never came back. The diary says: "We knew that Oates was walking to his death, but although we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman." Captain Scott's final message was written March 25, but was not found until eight months later, when the relief party made their tragic discoveries. This letter is one of the most pathetic and stirring contributions to the annals of true heroism, and will be

read by the youth of this and future generations to inspire them to deeds of self-sacrifice in the interest of truth and humanity. Here are his final words:

"We arrived within eleven miles of our old One Ton camp with fuel for one hot meal and food for two days. For four days we have been unable to leave the tent, the gale blowing about us. We are weak. Writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks. We knew we took them. Things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last. But if we have been willing to give our lives to this enterprise, which is for the honor of our country, I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend upon us are properly cared for. Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely, surely, a great, rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent upon us are properly provided for."

Yes, love is life. Love for duty; for our country, for our friends, for our God, is life; and love is self-mastery.

XI
SYMPATHY

Where is Abel thy brother?—*Genesis.*

Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood.
—*Edwin Arnold.*

He watched and prayed and felt for all.—*Goldsmith.*

Never elated while one man's oppressed.
Never dejected while another's blessed.
—*Pope.*

He that hateth his brother is a murderer.—*Bible.*

CHAPTER XI

SYMPATHY

It seems scarcely more than a dozen years since the word "altruism" began to have a vogue among us. It was first employed by the philosopher Comte to denote the benevolent instincts and the actions which prompted them, and is derived from the little Latin word *alter*, which means "other." It was used by this distinguished teacher to designate the opposite of egotism. Later Herbert Spencer made generous use of the word, and Henry Drummond gave it heart and soul by applying it in all his evangelical teachings, until to-day, if possible, it is more generally employed by religious teachers than by philosophers.

The last twenty-five years have undoubtedly witnessed a decided change of emphasis in matters which pertain to man's relation to himself and his fellows. In the evolution of the race, and in the development of the individual, there is first the struggle for life. Every living thing looks to the main chance. Self-preservation seems to be the first law of life, and this instinct to preserve self leads to supreme selfishness in the individual and to the oppression and destruction of whatever hinders. But this "struggle for life"

in the development of society, under the benign influence of the Divine Altruist, has passed now into that more advanced evolutionary stage of what Drummond calls "The struggle for the life of others."

The world is a very dull pupil in the things upon which its own life and growth depend. The first lesson in altruism was taught far back in the morning of time when the two brothers of our first parents brought their offerings to God; and because the younger brother's gift was more acceptable, the murderous instincts of the elder brother were aroused, and "Cain rose up against Abel his brother and slew him." For this tragic crime God set a mark upon Cain and made him a vagabond and wanderer on the face of the earth. This was Cain's punishment because he would not acknowledge that he was his brother's keeper. Another lesson was taught this dull pupil of the world when the Great Nazarene Teacher revealed to his followers the divine sentiments of the Golden Rule, and enshrined forever his immortal doctrine in the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

All through the Great Textbook, which the pupils in the school of life have had placed in their hands, from Genesis to Revelation, there runs a golden thread of divine teaching that our obligation is greatest to those who need us most; and that the destiny and happiness of each indi-

vidual is so involved in the other that all men must rise or fall together.

Jesus Christ was the world's greatest Altruist. "All mankind loves a lover," and all the world is going after Jesus because he is making love to the world. All the world listens to the optimist, and all the world hearkens to Jesus because he is an incorrigible Optimist. "Behold the world is gone after him," his enemies said. One day from a vantage spot on the graceful shoulders of Olivet, with outstretched hands and tearful eyes, as he viewed the beautiful city lying before him like a radiant jewel in a setting of jasper, he said, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not!" Love sympathizes and sacrifices, and sympathy is an essential element in Christian character. The soft, sweet word sympathy is derived from two Greek words, *sun pathos*, which mean "to suffer with." The ancient Stoics, following the teaching of their founder, Zeno, denounced all expressions of sympathy. "The Stoic ethics was the ethics of apathy" in contradistinction to sympathy. They held that all emotions are due to mental disturbances. They declared in pessimistic phrase, "Only a few men are virtuous; the vast majority of men are fools." If you should in your peregrinations throughout the world find any deluded

folk who denounce the sublime Christian grace of sympathy, you may make up your mind that they are rank pagans, no matter what may be their high-sounding names.

The most tender appeal ever made for human sympathy came from the lips of Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane, when, returning to his three friends and finding them asleep, his lonely, wounded spirit sighed, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" Sympathy is spontaneous tenderness for those in distress. It establishes the great brotherhood of man. It has joy for the happy and tears for the sad. It gives solace to the rich and bounties to the poor; and since "the gift without the giver is bare," sympathy gives itself with its offering. Sympathy is the great lubricator of life's intricate and ponderous machinery; its absence results in wearing and waste and disaster.

Sympathy is the soul of philanthropy. Some modern Pharisees give to be seen of men, but substantial humanitarian enterprises spring out of real devotion to our fellows. Some desultory work may be accomplished for the needy by persons controlled by fad and caprice, but systematic and permanent efforts must have the invisible backing of hearts of loving sympathy. Cicero, in one of his orations, apologizes for his interest in a slave, but so mighty a transformation has been wrought by the heart of Christ upon recent centuries that sympathy for the

oppressed characterizes all lives and nations over which the cross of Jesus holds fascinating sway.

The great Leland Stanford, Jr., University would never have been had not the soul of a rich man been touched by his own great sorrow into deep sympathy for the multitudes of bereaved ones about him. Sympathy will awaken from lethargy the better natures of men. There are always some chords in the hearts of even the most degenerate of men which will respond. Severity, punishment, and ostracism may all fail, but sincere sympathy gains an entrance into the invisible citadel. Gough and Moody were won for sobriety and righteousness by sympathy; and so also were a mighty army of upright and useful men.

Cordial sympathy will encourage many a faltering and discouraged brother. Many aching hearts in darkest loneliness, because of inattentive friends, are groaning and wailing, "What, could you not watch with me?" These are days of overwhelming discouragement for some men. A kind word, a warm pressure of the hand, a "God bless you" have wrought vigor to many a heart-burdened soul. Words and acts of love are well-nigh omnipotent in the transformation which they produce. Enthusiastic followers are legion in prosperity, but adversity strengthens the devotion of true friends.

So many gods, so many creeds,
  So many paths that wind and wind,
  When just the art of being kind
Is all this old world needs.

Sympathy finds out the law of Christ, and thereby the law of life. Sympathy is therefore a badge of discipleship. The law of life is, "Love one another as I have loved you." The best religion is the religion that most helps. Stoicism passed away and is forgotten except as now and then there may be a temporary recrudescence among a few pitiably deluded folk in America and among the pagan Hindus; but it will not last. It has no message for an age like this one. A wise man once said, "Let me write the songs of nations and others may make their laws," by which he meant that men are moved to noble actions more through their emotions than by the compulsion of authority. There is an old maxim, "*Pectus facit theologium*"—The heart makes the preacher; and it is just as true that the heart makes the man; a man without a heart is a manikin.

John Stuart Mill was lamentably at fault when he stated that selfishness would control everything for the public good. That is a false ethical principle. It may be true as an economic doctrine that "potential competition" will maintain a safe equilibrium in manufacture and trade, giving rise to the old adage, "Competition is the life of trade"; but in ideal living it is not a balance between good and evil which should be sought; the good should greatly preponderate the bad. Hence sympathy, and not selfishness, should prevail among men. There should be cooperation,

not competition; and men should be compeers, and not competitors.

Sympathy renders great blessings to the generous giver. Large as is the benefit which accrues to the recipient, greater benedictions rest upon the noble heart from which sympathy is freely extended. There is an enlargement of soul, a lengthening of vision, a widening of influence. The giver is loved and honored by his fellow men. Lincoln and Patrick Henry possessed the genius of statesmen, but their strong characters were enshrined in sympathy. As the President of his country, and as the governor of his State, these two great men are found in the galaxy of patriots, and possessing tender and devoted hearts, they are immortalized among their fellows. The giver of true sympathy is trusted and inspired by his God. John Summerfield's short life of twenty-seven years was long enough to leave a sweet fragrance in the earth which will ever abide. His delicate frame seemed unable to support the far-reaching enterprises in which his loving heart was determined to participate.

There are curative qualities in kindness. Sympathy will awaken the dormant better natures of men. They are transforming criminals to-day by kindness. Instead of dungeons, maledictions, stripes, bloodhounds, armed guards, and stockades, the prisoners are allowed to work out of doors. They are trusted, and they respect the trust. Instead of keeping them indoors at the

laborious and confining tasks of "pulling brushes," where their physical health is undermined, and their whole nature craves stimulants to which they return as soon as they are freed, they are put to work on farms, where they serve in dairies, raise vegetables and meat for the city hospitals and county infirmaries, and hay for the stock in police and fire departments. Thus they are treated like men and become men, and, renewed in physical strength, are prepared to return to the battlefields of life. Kindness has all the curative qualities of a specific.

Not long since, I saw a model of a so-called home, a tenement house in a congested part of a great city. There was a family of seven, the father, mother, and five children; and, except the baby, they were all busy making goods in a room twelve feet square. When they slept at night the father and mother and baby occupied the bed, one child slept on the table, one on two chairs, and two others on a hard pallet on the floor. As a rich lady passed by this exhibit she was heard to say: "It's all horribly exaggerated." A little later two boys from the slums stood looking at it, when one said to the other, "Gee, Jimmie, that ain't nothin' to it."

A little lifeless boy was picked up from under the feet of prancing horses in the streets of one of our large cities. The officers found in his pocket a little advertising card, which stated that if this card were found on the person of any

one that was killed, five thousand dollars would be paid to the person named thereon. And then, written in a child's hand, were the words, "Money to be paid to my mother—Mrs. Smith, widow, 10 Devil's Alley." Hastening to that number, the officers found the widowed mother of the deceased boy surrounded by a family of children, whom she was trying to support.

It was believed that the gallant little fellow had found this spurious insurance card, and had willingly, like a little martyr, sacrificed his young life, thinking that the large sum of money would go to his mother to help her care for her children. The attention of religious societies was called to this sad case, and generous provision was made for the mother and her children.

Humanity's great heart is hurt, but true sympathy will cure. General O. O. Howard was an earnest Christian man and continually devoted to the religious life of his soldiers. He held frequent meetings among the men and anxiously sought for their conversion. Among his men was an old teamster who was profane and irreligious. One day the General went to the teamster's part of the camp, and had a long talk with him, in which he said: "I want to see you converted. Won't you come to the mourners' bench at the next service?" The teamster rubbed his head thoughtfully for a moment and then replied: "General, I'm plumb willin' to be converted, but if I am, seein' that everyone else has got

religion, who in blue blazes is goin' to drive the mules?"

But men are not mules, and all efforts to drive men to sacred duty and high destiny lamentably fail. Sympathetic invitations and kindly remonstrances will in the end reach and subdue the coarser natures and awaken the noblest impulses which may for a time have been benumbed by misfortune and vice.

A young man wrote to Herbert Spencer, inquiring, "What do you think of Christ?" and received the reply, "I do not know anything about Christ; I have no time to study about him." What, Spencer! Could ye not watch with him one hour? The entire philosophy of the agnostic cannot forgive a sin, reform a sinner, smooth a dying pillow, dry a tear of sorrow, or help a faltering brother. If we would be truly sympathetic, let us make the acquaintance of the Man of Sorrows, who was acquainted with grief. The world needs philosophy and demonstration and logic, but each of these will avail nothing to mankind unless it is linked with a deep and abiding interest in our fellow man. Love for Jesus Christ produces love for our fellows. Do not the Scriptures say, "He that hateth his brother abideth in death"? Yes; and he that loveth his brother abideth in life.

At one time, when General Booth wanted to send a cablegram as a New Year's message to all the Salvation Army posts throughout the

world, in the interest of economy and brevity he chose a single word which incorporated in two short syllables the mighty, all-inclusive spirit of the gospel of Christ; it was "Others."

> The hour is coming when this our holy church
> Shall melt away in ever-widening walls,
> And be for all mankind; and in its place
> A mightier church shall come, whose covenant word
> Shall be the deeds of love. Not "Credo" then;
> "Amo" shall be the password through its gates.
> Man shall not ask his brother any more,
> "Believest thou?" but, "Lovest thou?" till all
> Shall answer at God's altar, "Lord, I love."
> For hope may anchor, faith may steer, but love,
> Great love alone, is captain of the soul.
>
> —*Liber Amoris.*

I have heard of a certain organization whose motto was "Others first!" And the members got into a bitter struggle, and finally disbanded because of contention as to who should be president. How lightly sometimes our ideals rest upon us, and how perfunctorily do we discharge our duties!

Once a gentleman expostulated with a child for carrying a big baby in his arms, whereupon the knightly little fellow, with true chivalry, replied: "O, he is not heavy, he's my brother." A man once saw something moving toward him in the distant field which he took for a monster. As it came nearer he discovered it was a man, and when still nearer he recognized him as his brother. Two men walking along the streets of a city

simultaneously espied a piece of jewelry on the pavement. They reached for it and banged each other's heads. They arose, each violently indignant at the other, to find that they were brothers, and had not seen each other for twenty years. All the contentions and rivalries and competitions among men are between brothers. Let us cease our striving, for "we be brethren."

My precious mother saw a girl of twelve years carrying a large child of four, and gently said to her, "He is too heavy for you." The pert little maiden waited until she was at a safe distance, and then with flashing eye and shrill voice she called back: "Is it any of your business? Ain't he my brother? Didn't he stump his toe?"

Ah, how many men have stubbed their toes in the rough pathway of life? If an injured man is sympathetically carried for a little while, he too will become a burden-bearer and custodian of humanity on the rocky highways of life. But there are many things upon which men stub their toes, stumblingblocks in the pathways of men, which ought to be removed. While we are trying to save men let us remove the menace. If men would reach a premiership, we must fill up the pitfalls. Let us preach salvation and practice total abstinence, but let us kill the devil and smash the saloon!

XII
REVERENCE

Henceforth, the majesty of God revere;
Fear him and you have nothing else to fear.

—*Fordyce.*

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

—*Shakespeare.*

Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; and God smote him there for his error.—*Old Testament.*

CHAPTER XII

REVERENCE

God had given commandment to Moses to construct a sacred chest to be overlaid within and without with pure gold. It was to be surmounted with two cherubim of beaten gold. This beautiful casket was to be a receptacle for the Tables of Stone which Moses had received on the top of Mount Sinai, and was to be an altar of prayer which was to be kept in the midst of the people, for God had said, "There will I meet with thee." God explicitly commanded that no hand should touch the ark of the covenant save the priest's, and rings and poles were provided by which this holy vessel was to be carried.

The Philistines came up against Israel and captured the ark and held it a captive for sixty years, when David conquered Philistia and builded a suitable place for the ark, and, with thirty thousand warriors, went down to the borders of the enemy's country and secured possession of the precious treasure. In the excitement and joyousness of this long-looked-for victory, Uzzah's mortal sin of irreverence was committed, which cost him his life, for God had explicitly commanded that none except the priest's hands should touch the sacred ark.

In the days of prosperity irreverence grows most insidiously. When men feel secure in their own successes they are prone to forget the commands of God. We do not depend so helplessly on our heavenly Father when our achievements have given us greater confidence in ourselves. National and individual prosperity are at once our greatest danger and greatest security. In the frenzy of victory, as did Uzzah, so do we often commit acts of irreverence.

There is danger that our greatest national sin shall be the sin of irreverence. The ancient story of Uzzah's act of desecration in placing his hand upon the holy ark of God is full of serious and important lessons which apply with solemn significance to our age and our country and our individual citizenship.

Sometimes it is fashionable to be irreverent. The Philistines, in transporting the ark, had placed it upon an oxcart; and when the Israelites were returning with the ark they followed the error of the Philistines and had the ark drawn by oxen instead of carried by the staves and rings, as God had peremptorily commanded. And even King David seems to have indulged in undignified expressions of joy. One act of irreverence leads to another. And when the ark shook as the cart went over Nachon's threshing floor, Uzzah forgetfully committed his serious offense. When the church allows the world to set its fashions, sacrileges disastrous and deplorable speedily fol-

low. The first sin was in placing it upon the oxcart, and the second easily followed.

Two other fruitful causes of irreverence are forgetfulness and familiarity. The ark had been in the house of Abinidab since the boyhood of his sons, Uzzah and Ahio, and they dared to take privileges with the sacred furniture. Familiarity sometimes breeds contempt. It is not discoverable that Uzzah was either malicious or willful, but he was heedless; and even so apparently a harmless sin as disobedience brought upon him the awful penalty.

The influence of sacred things depends upon their sacredness being preserved. God could not control Israel without their respect and obedience, hence the suffering of Uzzah. No sin is more treacherous than irreverence. It decoys its victims. It is like dry-rot in the ship's timbers. Irreverence slyly gains admittance where grosser evils would be easily repulsed. Satan is constantly busy trying to transform the sons of Levi, who serve at holy altars, into the sons of Eli.

We must beware of the deceptive tendencies of familiarity, for when delicate respect for holy things is lost, then defilement and sacrilege easily enter. When reverence departs character cannot be retained, for character depends upon faith in and obedience to sacred things. At Belshazzar's feast, in the supposed impregnable city of Babylon, it was the towering crime of irreverence in defiling the sacred vessels of the temple worship

at Jerusalem that brought disaster and death to the dissolute young monarch.

Ancient Babylon was a city of unparalleled magnificence. Its massive walls were fifty-six miles in circumference, three hundred and fifty feet high, and eighty-seven feet in thickness. Four chariots could be driven abreast upon them. The river Euphrates passed through the city. The Chaldean metropolis was a wilderness of architectural splendor, fragrant with the tropical luxuriance of the famous hanging gardens. Belshazzar, the young king, was ruling conjointly with his father, Nabonadius. He was the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar, who, with the beautiful Semiramis, had given to Babylon its power and elegance. Cyrus, the Persian conqueror, was besieging Babylon and planning for its overthrow. The proud young Belshazzar, to show his confidence in his fortifications and fortresses, and to exhibit his indifference to Cyrus and his assaulting army, gave a royal feast which had never been equaled in all the lavish expenditure of that opulent and extravagant empire. In the midst of the frenzy of Bacchanalian dissipation and revelry the dissolute young monarch furnished a climax for his feast by commanding that the gold and silver vessels which Nebuchadnezzar had brought from Jerusalem, and which had been used in the worship of the Most High God, should be brought in and used by this sacrilegious host of pagan libertines. Just as the daring young

king was placing to his lips one of the golden chalices, once used in the temple worship, amid the tumultuous applause of his maudlin guests, there came a hand out of the black sleeve of the night, and, as the stars twinkled in the heavens above the open court of the banqueting hall, wrote on the palace walls: "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting," and "that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain," for Cyrus, by changing the channel of the river, marched his host into the city on the dry bed of the Euphrates, and Babylon was overthrown—sacrificed on the altars of irreverence.

Josephus says that in the closing scenes of Jerusalem, such were the sacrilegious practices of the people, that if the Romans had not destroyed the city, some dreadful judgment like that which befell Sodom would have come upon that city. Thus, indeed, have nations and cities and individuals disappeared under the disintegrating processes of irreverence.

The church is a sacred vessel. Dedicated to the service of God, it should not be diverted into secular uses. Jesus drove the merchants out of the courts of the temple, and as yet there has been no permission granted for their return. The sons of Aaron were devoured by the strange fire which they undertook to offer at the altars of the Lord; and similar results occur to-day in the consuming of holy instincts and respectful in-

clinations, when the Church of God is made a place of frolic and merchandising.

The Bible is a most sacred vessel. There is not much danger of bibliolatry, but we need to be much on our guard lest the very availability of our Great Book shall cause it to be less appreciated. Things are often valued by us in proportion to the sacrifice which has been suffered for them. Homer has been translated into a score of modern languages; Shakespeare and Tolstoy into thirty-three; and The Pilgrim's Progress into one hundred and eleven. The Bible, on the other hand, has been translated into five hundred and thirty languages. A gentleman placed a copy of the Gospel of Saint John on my desk the other day, and said it cost only two cents. It was in excellent type and neatly bound.

During the days of the persecution of Diocletian many Christians surrendered their Bibles and the sacred utensils of worship, and in consequence lost their faith. When the Bible goes out of our lives our Christian character loses its chief support.

A man whom I knew, in the presence of his family, once picked up a Bible, turned its pages carelessly for a few moments, and petulantly threw it down upon the table, saying, "Pshaw! give me Shakespeare." Perhaps he never knew that the Bible was the acknowledged inspiration of the marvelous lines of Avon's greatest bard. It is certain no man ever prefers any other book

who has discovered the extraordinary beauty and power of the Bible. We must valiantly defend the Bible against irreverence. It is the bulwark of our civilization—the foundation of liberty—the corner stone of truth. I submit whether we do not commit a serious offense against the sacredness of the Book when we indulge in constant jokes and puns based upon the Scriptures. It cannot be anything less than sinful sacrilege to weave the holy personages and incidents of Bible history into ridiculous story. The Bible deals with most serious questions which involve the life and death and weal and woe of the race, and do we not violate its sacred rights when we make it the basis of our fun and laughter? This is a popular desecration, which, like Uzzah's sin, has been committed so long that it has not occurred to many people that they are unintentionally undermining the very Book which they desire most to defend.

The Sabbath is a sacred vessel, a divinely instituted day for rest and worship and home. We cannot spare the Sabbath, but we cannot keep it if it is steadily allowed to become more and more a social and business day. All vices and enemies of our nation thrive best where the first day of the week is decreasingly reverenced. Dinner and card parties and hilarious outings arranged for the Sabbath are direct attacks upon the security of our republic. The perpetuity of a nation depends upon the reverence of the people.

When the temples are empty the walls of the citadel crumble. When the altars of worship are neglected virtue and purity are dethroned, a nation's protectors lose their courage and spirit of sacrifice, and there is speedy decline and fall. God has put himself on record as ready to cause those nations to "ride upon the high places of the earth" which keep his Sabbaths. History fulfills in every century the curses of the Almighty which have rested upon those people who have destroyed his holy day. Why do we argue the question when he who runs may read?

The human body is a sacred vessel. What a marvelous gift is the voice with its capabilities of music and speech. Alas that ever its powers are profaned! Consider too the tastes and appetites and muscular possibilities and vital forces. What exquisite joys God has invested in the human body! But, desecrated and disregarded, how this body may become a bundle of clashing nerves, a prison-pen full of cruel and warring enemies. God's great apostle wrote, "If any man defile the temple of God," as the body is called, "him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." The profanation of the human body occurs too frequently in many of the amusements and frivolities of our time. The human body is the most beautiful and ingenious thing among all God's creations. It is the supreme study of the artist and sculptor; and in its perfection is man's highest ideal of beauty and grace.

But the human body is exploited by a wicked and degenerate and mercenary age. Its tastes are depraved, its beauty is exposed, its divine purpose is prostituted for wicked ends, and its holy instincts are defiled—all for gain. Unprincipled and bestial men for sordid advantage are willing to violate every law of modesty, purity, health, morals, and beauty. This is so brazenly done in the tainted theater that it is a wonder that any man, and especially any woman, who claims respectability, will attend its libidinous performances. This same condition is often found in the social functions of so-called polite society, and is the curse of the public dance hall.

The alcohol habit is a crime against the body and the soul. The appalling depredations of the liquor habit not only poison the physical centers of man's nature, but by it the moral forces are dulled and stupefied. The man who drinks suffers moral perversion, and, in the end, may degenerate into a moral pervert. Have you recalled how closely this licensed evil of the liquor traffic has been related to the assaults upon our nation's presidents? The conspirators who plotted against Abraham Lincoln's life made their headquarters in a saloon; and Wilkes Booth fortified himself with liquor before he fired the fatal shot, as did also Guiteau before he attacked Garfield in the railroad station in Washington. Czolgosz, who assassinated McKinley, was a son of a saloon keeper; and the murderous assailant of Roosevelt was an ex-

saloon keeper of New York city. If there were no other reason for stopping this damnable traffic, it would be sufficient that no President of our nation is safe. Is it not an irony of fate, and is it not a fateful and logical sequence, that the nation which licenses this murderous business should be again and again precipitated into abysses of woe and suffering by these tragic assaults and martyrdoms? In all probability the Titanic would be afloat to-day, and its precious human freight landed in safe harbors, if a Sunday night's champagne frivolity had not stupefied the crew of the unsinkable floating palace. So can strong drink sink our ship of state, and it will if we do not summarily stop its ravages. What colossal idiots we are as a people for not coming forward as one mighty man of God and severing the head of this vaunting and murderous Goliath of Gath.

The human mind—soul— is a sacred vessel. A man is not any better than his thoughts. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Man is the upward-looking animal. His mind has been created with powers of concentration and analysis that he might find out God. When man uses his faculties against his Creator he has desecrated a sacred vessel. Man's logical faculty and powers of invention are often diverted to the injury instead of the elevation of men. A prostituted printing press is doing much in "vampire literature" to violate the human mind. A bad book or an immodest picture is a poisoned

arrow driven into the mind, from which an absolute recovery is not possible. Each must revere his own mind and shield himself from the ten thousand inimical influences that are intended to thrive on the spoliation of pure natures. How empty would be the playhouses, and how bankrupt many of the publishers, if the American people would suddenly refuse to be any longer the receptacles for the filth and corruption of many of the popular books and most of the popular dramas! The inculcation of reverence for all high and sacred ideals, patriotic and religious, is the greatest opportunity which lies before us as a nation to-day.

Among the annals of the Civil War, it is told that one day the prisoners at Andersonville were called together by the keeper, and told that if they would enlist in the Confederate army they would escape the sufferings of prison life. Soon they would be able to go home, for the Union armies were being defeated, and the war would quickly end. Then a half-starved man said: "Mr. Officer, may I speak a word?" Permission being given, that shadow of a man stepped to the front, faced his comrades, and exclaimed: "Attention, squad, right flank, back to death! March!" The command was instantly obeyed, not a man faltering, and with resolute step those men marched back to their quarters, and some of them to death.

If we are faithful unto duty, and faithful unto death, we shall wear a crown of eternal life.

XIII
APPRECIATION

On that best portion of a good man's life, his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.—*Wordsworth.*

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Help to make earth happy like the heaven above.
—*Julia A. Fletcher.*

How sweet and gracious even in common speech
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers,
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.
—*James T. Fields.*

CHAPTER XIII

APPRECIATION

THE most pathetic, powerful, dramatic, and familiar of all the stories of Jesus is the parable of the prodigal son. It is the tale of two boys reared in the same home, surrounded by the same influences, and yet as different in their tastes and inclinations and ambitions as if born of different parents on opposite sides of the earth. When the younger son reached his majority he fulfilled his often expressed purpose of breaking loose from the restraints and limitations of home and going forth to see the world. He would go into "a far country." The "far country" has always had entrancing interest to the youth.

The things at a distance are invested with fabulous beauty and wonder. "Distance ever lends enchantment"; especially is this true to young men of adventurous and restless spirit. The "far country" may be no better, it may be no worse than the near country; but if the spirit of discontent, or dissatisfaction with restraint, or desire to abandon oneself to life's excesses and frivolities, is the inspiring cause of the journey, then the "far country" is altogether the worst place for the young man to go. After journeying around the earth, and exchanging exuberant youth for enervating

old age, Sir Launfal found the Holy Grail at his own palace wall. There are always want and famine in any country where men "waste their substance with riotous living."

The sirens in the "far country" await the coming of their victims, and the path from plenty to want, from integrity to dishonor, is short and steep; and no one travels it so rapidly as the young man of good training and of refinement, who, in spite of his teaching and good examples, foolishly determines to find out for himself what are the treachery and deceit of the far country. "When he had spent all"—all his money, all his character, all his bumptiousness, all his self-respect, all his braggadocio—having debased himself by indulging the tendencies of his bestial nature, the young man was willing to become a hireling and go into the fields to care for the swine. It was the most menial and degrading employment, but any kind of work was better than starvation. Even the husks which the swine ate were preferable to death, and he was in better company with the swine than with libertines and harlots; and the prodigal was afraid to die. At length the enchantment of the far country was gone and he "came to himself." An insane infatuation had apparently governed his downfall, but he finally "came to himself." He had something left to come to; everybody has; he had not squandered all. Even men who persist in their infatuation for evil do not become totally depraved. There

is some divinity left that will not be defiled. This young man had gone many lengths, but something of his nobility still remained.

There is marvelous elasticity and forbearance in parental love. "When he was a great way off his father saw him." An affectionate and even sumptuous welcome was extended to the prodigal by his father, who had not ceased to pray for the return of his wandering son. Let it be remembered that God and society more quickly forgive than the man can forgive himself. So long as the prodigal lives he will never forgive himself for his foolishness; neither can nature forgive him, for the wounds and taints which sin has made are indelible. Herein lies the tragic fallacy of "wild oats," a deadly theory to which no wise man should subscribe.

As the welcome home feast was in progress, and the stately mansion was filled with guests, the elder brother returned from the field. Somebody has surely blundered! How has it happened that messengers were not sent to this son, who had been faithful to his duties somewhere on the estate? He seems to have been overlooked, and needs to be informed as he approaches the house by a servant what is the occasion of the feasting in the old home. "He was angry and would not go in," which surely was not the good part of a man toward his erring brother; and when the happy father urged him to join in the festivities he refused, saying, "Lo, these many

years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment," and then he reminded his father that, in contrast with this fatted calf now being eaten by the guests, never even so much as a kid had been offered to him to make merry with his friends. Thereupon, the father, in endearing words, said to him, "My child [*teknon*, in contrast with *uios*], thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

There is, of course, no defense of the indifference of the elder brother, but the incident affords the opportunity of emphasizing the fine grace of appreciation. All men need encouragement and sometimes those who are carrying the heaviest burdens, and have long-standing reputation for fidelity, receive the least approval. The elder brother was entitled to something which he had not received. There is a great amount of criticism and faultfinding, but altogether too little of appreciation.

It is to our credit to have a welcome and sympathy for the prodigal, but let us not forget to now and then speak in approval of the sturdy, faithful men, who, like wheel-horses, draw the heaviest part of the load and do not turn from the path of honor and industry to explore the "far country." One noble man who refuses to depart from paths of integrity is of more value to the

world than ninety-nine prodigals. With all his faults the elder was a better son to his father than the younger. We must not place a premium on prodigality by overmuch sentiment: not kids for fidelity and fatted calves for prodigals, but the best there is always for those who are faithful. Alabaster boxes and flowers for the living—for the dead also, if there are enough for both; but certainly for those who are bravely fighting against the influences which destroy character and happiness. Better a Cecil Bruner rose for the living than a wagon-load of American Beauties after the battle is over. It is when a man is struggling to make a life that he needs the helpful word.

There is a vast amount of unjust and unfair criticism and faultfinding in the world. Macaulay declared that his severest critics were those who had themselves failed in literature. Yes, any shallow-pated misanthrope can criticize. Voltaire sneered at Dante's "Inferno," and said "Hamlet" was the work of a drunken savage. Waller said of "Paradise Lost": "The old blind schoolmaster had published a tedious poem; if its length be not considered a merit, it has no other." Sidney Smith dipped his pen in gall and called William Carey a "consecrated cobbler," and ridiculed Wesley and Whitefield and Fletcher as a "nest of vermin." Tennyson lost ten years of his life by reason of lack of appreciation. Shelley met with nothing but severe critics. At length, after writing "Adonais," he said: "There! Let

the critics say what they please. I know that is poetry." When they bombarded Disraeli with jeers at the close of his maiden speech in Parliament, he flung back to them a daring prophecy which the future fulfilled: "The time will come when you will hear me!" And those same cruel critics were willing to be his cringing sycophants when he became prime minister of the British empire. Sometimes extremes of unjust criticism awaken in a man all his slumbering faculties, and he puts forth his utmost endeavor to make still more untrue the vicious assaults of his foes.

God pity the man who becomes cynical. He can never hurt anyone so much as himself. Every bitter thing which he says reacts upon himself, until he becomes utterly despicable in his own sight, and wholly impossible and intolerable to men about him. His old friends slip away from him or die; he makes no new friends, and at length dwells apart in the midst of a world teeming with people, in as utter isolation as if he were alone on a distant island.

Be patient with the faultfinder—for he will soon eliminate himself. God pity the man who can see nothing to admire in his fellows. His heart does not beat in sympathy with the man who struggles, and he soon loses interest in everything beautiful. His sunsets are either too bright or too cloudy; his music is either too classic or too simple; his poems are either too profound or too prolix; his sermons are either too long or too short;

his flowers are either too abundant or too scanty; his winters are too cold and his summers are too hot; his springs are too wet and his autumns are too cloudy; his coffee is too strong, his soup is too hot; his meat is too rare, and his eggs are too hard. God have mercy on the people who have to live with such a man. He is so despicable that he does not even enjoy his own society.

It is hard to be patient with the man who thinks meanly of his fellow men. But such a man is himself the greatest loser. Think of the lofty impulses of which he deprives himself. He has lost the sense of proportion, and cannot know the infinite splendor of God nor the infinite possibility of man. He loses his place in the procession of goodly things. The world to him is going wrong, and he has not even the good sense to be still. He does not succeed himself, and growls at those who do. Alas, poor man, poor man! The world is sorry for him, but he is incorrigibly pessimistic.

The world belongs to the man who with hopeful expectancy believes in God, his fellows, and himself. A critic once said to Turner, the great painter, as he viewed critically one of the artist's masterful sunsets: "Why, Mr. Turner, I never saw any such lights and color in nature as you put on your canvas." "Don't you wish you could?" replied Turner. "As for me, I never hope to match with pigments the glory that I see in the sky."

There is an old maxim which says, "The cynic knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." A man visited an art gallery, and was most impressed by the massive gold frames. Churchill says of certain literary critics,

> Though by whim, envy, or resentment led,
> They damn those authors they have never read.

And Byron rimed caustically of some of his critics, of whom he said,

> They have hackneyed jokes which they got by rote,
> With just enough of learning to misquote.

So the severest critics of parents and children are those who never had any children. The worst critics of magistrates are political malcontents. The meanest critics of ministers are those who have failed in the ministry, and the sharpest sermon critics are those who would not dare to reduce their criticisms to writing because of the misspelled words. Critics are those who have lamentably failed in the very field in which they arrogate to themselves superior wisdom. "It is much easier to be critical than to be correct."

> Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn.

The meanest thing I ever heard said of women was expressed by a woman. It was this: "My chief compensation for being a woman is that I shall never have to marry one." That woman goes unloved by men until this day, for a man cannot

love a woman who hates women. The meanest fact that ever came under my notice was told me of a certain steamboat owner in Pittsburgh. He fell into a swollen river one day. At great peril to his own life a deck-hand saved the life of his employer, who never gave the man any token of his gratitude, nor ever even thanked him for his rescue, and on the next pay-day discharged him, giving as his only reason that he did not want anybody around to whom he felt any obligation.

Jesus Christ and his apostles were not economical of their use of appreciation and praise. Jesus said of John the Baptist: "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." Of Nathanael, he said, "An Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" Of Peter, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona." And who can ever forget how graciously our Lord comforted the poor widow, as in her poverty she shrank from casting her meager gift of two mites into the treasury, when he said, "This poor widow hath cast in more than they all"? And the most exquisite eulogium ever pronounced was when Jesus said to the woman with the alabaster box, as he heard the cruel criticisms of covetous men, "Let her alone; she hath done what she could."

Appreciation is indeed a Christian grace to be cultivated.

"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." When there was much criti-

cism of Abraham Lincoln he replied, using the figure of Blondin, who about that time was crossing the Niagara gorge on a tight rope: "Gentlemen, I am carrying the fortunes of this nation over the chasm of civil war. Be silent and pray until I get across."

Every normal man will do his best in an atmosphere of encouragement. Daniel Webster said he never spoke in such an atmosphere of appreciation as when he made his famous reply to Hayne. The great orator never surpassed that masterful effort. We must remember that while "applause is the end and aim of weak minds," it is likewise "the spur of noble minds." It awakens one's resentful spirit when we remember that so little did the publishers appreciate "Paradise Lost," "the noblest monument of English verse," that its inspired author received only ten pounds for his immortal labors.

> Seven cities contend for Homer dead
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

We should talk up our religion, our homes, our city, our friends, our country. The things we talk up—go up! The old world needs to be lifted up.

Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." We must help Christ in this lifting-up business. Jesus was lonesome when he was on the earth. "It is lonesome to be a God!"

Some months ago a rich young man deliberately left his aristocratic home in Madison Avenue, New York city, and went down to live in a settlement in the slums. Some charged it up to eccentricity, but he explained it by saying, "My object is to quit being selfish." Selfishness is at once our most insidious and colossal besetting sin. Character is the fine art of giving up.

XIV
THE GOSPEL OF REST AND HEALTH

There are three wicks, you know, to the lamp of a man's life—brain, blood, and breath. Press the brain a little, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a little, and out go all three of the wicks. Choke the air out of the lungs, and presently the fluid ceases to supply the other centers of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold, and darkness.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Come ye yourselves apart, and rest a while.—*Jesus.*

The toils of honor dignify repose.—*Hoole.*

CHAPTER XIV

THE GOSPEL OF REST AND HEALTH

CONTINUOUS surprises are in store for the student of the Bible; its truths instruct and arouse. Here one learns of the gospel of peace, the gospel of purity, the gospel of beauty, the gospel of brotherly kindness, the gospel of work, the gospel of rest, and also of the gospel of health. Jesus Christ was interested in the strong man, the wise man, the sick man, the sinful man, the working-man; and he did not forget the tired man. Once he said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"; and again he urged his disciples to accompany him into a desert place and "rest a while."

There is a divine provision made for rest. The night follows the day, the darkness the light, and sleep comes with its sweet restorative power. God himself rested after six days of labor, and set apart and hallowed the Sabbath—the word "Sabbath" means "rest." Work is said to be worship, but so is rest worship, for rest is indispensable to work. Rest is a physical necessity. Valuable draught horses are regularly rested one day in seven. It kills them to work every day. Sheep drovers found that if they rested their their flocks on the Sabbath, they reached the

markets before the herders who pushed right on. A motorman in Los Angeles died of overwork. He had worked a thousand successive days, with only two days of rest.

The engineers on the Empire State Express are required to rest each alternate day because of the great strain on their nerve energies to run the fastest regular train in the world. He who works should rest; it is a logical and necessary antithesis. The subject of the conservation of health is a patriotic and religious as well as a personal problem. The problem of national and moral efficiency is bound up in the health and physical vigor of the individual citizen.

When Emerson wrote, "Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous," he meant to place the princely crown of character and achievement upon the brow of the healthy man or woman, for "mental, moral, and spiritual culture are the highest product of health cultivation." Not only is a strong mind to be found in a strong body, but there too should be found a strong moral force—a true character. Disease almost invariably produces some moral obliquity.

Whatever improves health adds to the length and efficiency of individual life. "Hygiene, the youngest of the biological studies, repudiates the outworn doctrine that mortality is fatality, and must exact a regular and inevitable sacrifice at its present rate year after year. Instead of this

fatalistic creed we now have the assurance of Pasteur that 'It is within the power of man to rid himself of every parasitic disease.' " If man will come up to his high privileges, he will see the day when both poverty and disease shall be abolished.

The best preventive of disease is rest properly taken, combined with exercise. We are constantly facing the prodigious folly of men about us who "lose their health in the pursuit of wealth and then pass the remnant of their days spending their wealth to win back their health." This great waste of personal energy can be stopped by rest plentifully and regularly taken. It is stated by reliable authorities that undue fatigue is the cause of ninety per cent of disease. Fatigue impairs the power of the body to resist disease. Recently there came to my hand a copy of Professor Irving Fisher's report to the United States Senate on national vitality. Professor Fisher occupies the chair of political economy at Yale University. After showing conclusively that alcohol and tobacco increase fatigue, and that a diet in which too much protein is found will certainly greatly increase fatigue, he says: "The economic waste from undue fatigue is probably much greater than the waste from serious illness. We have seen that the average serious illness per capita is usually about two weeks each year. This is about four per cent of the year. Expressed differently, about four per cent of the

population is constantly sick. That is about three million people, at a cost in care and loss of wages of about one billion dollars annually. On the other hand, the number that suffer partial disability through undue fatigue certainly constitute the great majority of the population. No observer can fail to conclude that this is true of the American working, business, and professional classes, and the latest word among the students of school hygiene is that it is true to a large extent even among children. If, therefore, we assume that only fifty per cent of the population is suffering some impairment of its best powers through undue fatigue, we are on safe ground. The relatively slight impairment of efficiency due to overfatigue leads to more serious impairment. Just as minor ailments prove to have an unsuspected importance when considered as gateways to serious illness, so the inefficiency from fatigue is vested with great significance as the first step toward minor ailments. A typical succession of events is *first fatigue*, then colds, then tuberculosis, then death. Prevention, to be effective, must begin at the beginning."

Rest is also a mental necessity. A leading physician says men no longer die; they kill themselves. Overwork produces worry, and worry kills. "Worried to death" might be a truthful epitaph for many tombs. The memory in its retentiveness, the will in its vigor, the mind in its clearness and logical faculty, all need rest. A

tired body produces a corresponding enervation in the intellect.

Rest is a religious necessity. It takes time and strength to pray, and time to be kind, and time to worship—in fact, time to be a Christian. "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy" is not an arbitrary command; it is indispensable. The Sunday is as valuable to man in working out his personal and material ambitions as it is a precaution for the defense and development of sturdy character.

Leisure is one of life's greatest blessings. "They had no leisure so much as to eat" is not only found in the Bible, but it is a faithful comment upon nearly all the busy lives about us. Men and women have a right to restful leisure, and will live longer and be happier if they plan for it. Gladstone spent his leisure in translating Greek and Latin and in chopping down forest trees. Salisbury rested with chemistry, and had quite a complete laboratory in his own home. We ought to have an avocation as well as a vocation. Leisure for reading, conversing, and meditating will minister to a strengthening of mind and body, an enlargement of our sympathies, and an enrichment of our spiritual natures. The greatest slaves in America to-day are the successful men. They are unwilling to let go. They think they are doing the driving, but they are being driven to death.

Jesus went apart to rest a while in the wil-

derness and again in the mountains of Galilee. Paul spent three years in Arabia in restful and studious solitude. Peter disappeared for a long time from public view. John retired to Patmos and received his celestial revelation. Contrast with these the enforced exile of Napoleon at Saint Helena, banished for the peace of the world.

So once I went to beautiful Santa Catalina Island for rest and play. Play keeps the boy alive in the man, and that means exuberant health. Catalina is an enchanting spot—unique among the most picturesque places of the earth. It is an island twenty-three miles long and from one half to eight miles wide—in the shape of a mason's trowel, containing fifty thousand acres. It is eighteen miles from the mainland—out in the rolling Pacific, and is like a great ship at sea. Its submarine gardens, viewed through glass-bottomed boats, are the most famous in the world. It is the angler's paradise, as its fishing is unequaled in any sea.

Its climate is the most equable because the mountain range along the western coast protects from the prevailing winds. Its hills and mountains, rising in simple grandeur from the blue edges of the sea, lure the visitor to their graceful summits and silent canyons; and over all is a cloudless sky, which, like an inverted chalice, pours forth its radiant beauty. Then there is the billowy sea, which with rhythmic cadences rolls

against the island's rocky foundation, filling every bay and estuary with its purple flood and its orchestral melodies. Wild goats have their haunts in the shaded defiles. The bald eagles dwell among the lofty crags, and huge ravens with wings as black as midnight are ready to feed any hungry Elijah. These ominous birds were revered as sacred by the aborigines, and to this day suffer no harm. Mocking birds, wrens, finches, turtledoves, and humming birds join in the oratorios of praise to the good God of beautiful nature.

This magic spot was discovered by Cabrillo, a daring Spanish navigator, in 1542. When he sailed into its grateful land-locked harbors he here found a tribe of Indians who were amiable and unwarlike, and wore skins and dwelt in caves. There are still some traces of these early habitations, and many mortars and pestles and musical instruments and implements have been found, indicating the domestic and industrial instincts of these former dwellers. When Viscaino arrived in 1602 he renamed the island, which Cabrillo had called San Salvador, and the Indians Pimugna, Santa Catalina, after the saint day of his arrival. Viscaino described the people as being very intelligent and as most skillful in making arrows and spears and long ceremonial clubs. Recently a rude flute was found by some workmen in their excavations. It was made of the leg-bone of a deer and set in with mosaics of the beautiful

abalone shells. The mortars and ollos were made of the hard serpentine rock found in a quarry which is now called Empire Landing. In the diary of Don Miguel Costanso, who visited the island in 1767, it was stated that the inhabitants had great pride in their handiwork. It was their custom to place specimens of their handiwork upon the graves of the deceased, that the memory of their skill and application might be perpetuated. It is not to be wondered at if these aborigines were more peaceful and civilized than their nearest neighbors on the mainland, for they dwelt here in this wonderful paradise with its fruitful valleys and sheltered coves, away from the battle and turmoil of a clashing world.

Catalina once belonged to Philip III of Spain. Later it was a Spanish grant to some conqueror. It was still later ceded by Mexico to Governor Pio Pico. It was at length purchased by James Lick, and is now owned by the Banning Brothers, of Los Angeles. There are no doubt rich silver deposits upon the island, but they are somewhat inaccessible for profitable mining.

I have traveled over many seas and tarried for a season under many skies, but nowhere has earth seemed so real and beautiful, and heaven so divine and accessible as at Santa Catalina. There is a conspiracy of natural beauty and hospitality; and peace and contentment rise like sweet incense from land and sea. The wind is soft and velvety, and the sunshine cordial and indulgent;

and those nights are most enchanting when the full moon casts its silver sheen upon the quiet sea.

One Sabbath morning I went alone to pray in an isolated canyon. I followed the silver thread of a mountain stream until I came to a rhythmical waterfall, which I immediately dedicated as a sacred place of worship. All nature was vocal with notes of praise to God the Creator. There was the musical murmur of the water as it crept softly along its channels of granite. There was the hum of bees among the new blossoms in the waving boughs; and the two minor notes of the black ravens as they soared against a blue sky. There was the chirp of the crickets in the fresh green grass, and the muffled flutter of the quail as they sought other places of shelter. There were the songs of the vivacious mocking birds, so full of luscious music that their notes never cease, whether on the wing or in the feathered nesting place, whether at the somber hour of midnight or the breaking dawn, or when the sunbeams have reached their blazing meridian. And ever and anon, from distant hillsides were heard the plaintive bleating of the flocks, and the strangely human cry of a lost or lonely lambkin, and the quick response of the still more lonely and vigilant mother sheep.

Over all was the cerulean sky, and everywhere about me, as palpable as the atmosphere—as real as the velvety breezes that fanned my cheek, as

secure as the perpetual rock which furnished my improvised altar of prayer—was God!

> Go abroad
> Upon the paths of nature, and when all
> Its voices whisper, and its silent things
> Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
> Kneel at its simple altar, and the God,
> Who hath the living waters, will be there.

Yes, God was there in one of nature's Holy of Holies; and I approached him through Jesus Christ his Son, my Elder Brother; and I talked with him and praised and prayed. In that desert place I was apart with Christ, and "rested a while." I seemed to hear a voice saying, "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place on which thou standest is holy ground." I obeyed; and new visions of Christ and truth and duty and humanity burst upon me; and fresh assurances of divine grace and power filled my heart with courage and hope and reposeful faith. As in the picturesque haunts of Midian Moses received his divine commission, so once more I seemed to hear the voice of God in gentle, commanding tones sending me back to my happy labors for him and for humanity.

Santa Catalina is one of nature's most eloquent apocalypses. If one would find renewed physical vigor and exultant soul realizations, and if he would be fully equipped for combat in life's arenas and better prepared for heaven's divine rewards, let him go to Santa Catalina and rest awhile.

The sublime culmination of all creation, of all

God's marvelous manifestations of his power and wisdom and goodness, is the salvation and elevation of men. The Hon. Mr. Conger, our minister to China, said that the only one who completely broke down with despair during the siege of Peking was the French minister, an avowed atheist. Minister Conger commended the bravery of the Chinese converts and the courage and skill of the missionaries.

In taking a rest people should get out of doors. There is truth in the statement, "Man made the cities, but God made the country." John Burroughs puts it well when he says: "In nature, in God, we live and move and have our being. Our life depends on the purity and closeness of the connection. We want and must have nature at first hand—water from the spring, milk from the udder, air from the open."

The fields, the mountains, and the seaside invite us. Veda says, "The sea drinketh up all the evils of the world." Poe's favorite French poet, Baudelaire, said, "I see only the Infinite through every open window." When some unfriendly critics chided Lord Byron because of his indifference to sacred things he wrote the rhythmical reply,

> Some kindly casuists are pleased to say I have no devotion;
> My altars are the mountains and the ocean.

Rest should bring relaxation. Dean Swift used to play horse with his servants. Cardinal Mazarin played at leapfrog. One of my old college profes-

sors could surpass all his pupils in jumping the fences. It is told of Dr. Samuel Clarke that he rested from his theological studies by leaping over the chairs in his room. Once when he saw a pedantic fellow approaching, Dr. Clarke said to the pupil who was sharing his amusement, "Now we must stop, for a fool is coming."

If anyone would get the most out of his rest he must, as did Frederick the Great's best general, take his religion with him, in order that he may be able to interpret nature and receive from the God of nature new revelations of his glory. Unless our rest periods reenforce our faith and our fervor in the service of God, our invigorated minds and bodies only increase the facilities for selfish and avaricious and frivolous living. Our talents and faculties are God's gifts to us, that we may render worship to him and service to our fellows. Unless used in this way, they contribute to our weakness and defeat rather than to our strength and success. When Trajan was made emperor of Rome he presented a sword to his chief captain, who was the defender of the emperor's person, saying, "For me if I should govern well, against me if I should become a tyrant." So God arms us with our faculties and talents; if we honor them by faithful service they will help us to greater usefulness and achievement, but if we dishonor these noble gifts, defeat and death await us.

XV
THE BURNING BUSH

Nothing in nature is unbeautiful.—*Tennyson.*

Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer.
—*Longfellow.*

But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?
—*Thomson.*

Of what I call God
And fools call nature.
—*Robert Browning.*

CHAPTER XV

THE BURNING BUSH

No story is fuller of fascinating interest to young and old than that which recounts how the little son of Amram and Jochebed was saved from the murderous edict of Pharaoh. There was the ark of bulrushes; the king's daughter and her maids; the crying babe, and the tender-hearted princess, saying, "This is one of the Hebrews' children"; and the babe adopted into Pharaoh's household. God's law of compensation and equilibrium sent a Hebrew baby into the very home of the murderous king, with the baby's mother as a nurse. "And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds. And when he was full forty years old it came into his heart to visit his brethren, the children of Israel. And, seeing one of them suffer wrong, he defended him, and avenged him that was oppressed, and smote the Egyptian. For he supposed his brethren would have understood how that God by his hand would deliver them; but they understood not"—just like John Brown and his stand for the Negro at Harper's Ferry, "but they understood not."

Moses fled into the land of Midian and hired himself as a shepherd to Jethro, the priest of

Midian, who had seven daughters. And Moses married beautiful Zipporah, the daughter of Jethro. And he was seemingly buried forever in the lonely mountains as a herdsman. This brilliant young man longed to be a deliverer of his people. He was ready and anxious to do something, but there was no opportunity. "God moves in a mysterious way." Let a man get ready and God will use him. God is very economical of his best material. You remember General Grant seemed buried in the obscurity of a Galena grocery store.

One day, in the quiet haunts of Midian, not far from Mount Horeb, "the mount of God," Moses was patiently watching the flocks of Jethro, his father-in-law. Doubtless he was meditating and praying, and longing for deliverance for his captive people. For well-nigh forty years he had dwelt here in this mountainous shelter—strong in body and stronger in faith. In the regal palace of Pharaoh he had been for forty years trained in learning. Now, for forty years in the holy atmosphere of the priest of Midian, his soul nature had steadily unfolded toward God. It sometimes takes a long time to get a man ready. Suddenly there was a marvelous sight! God arrests attention by mystery and miracle. There was a burning bush, and a voice said, "Moses, Moses," and Moses replied, "Here am I."

Much is said in these days about nature and the supernatural. Man in his egotism and helpless-

ness is accustomed to calling all things supernatural which he cannot understand. But all things are of God, whether we understand or do not. Nature is the living garment of God. "The course of nature is the art of God."

All are parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body nature is and God the soul.

If anybody would understand God, he must get out of doors. "Of what I call God, and fools call nature."

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

A voice is in the wind I do not know,
A meaning on the face of the high hills
Whose utterance I cannot comprehend,
A something is behind them—that is God.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.

How much more should trained men see and hear God! Lowell, in the "Vision of Sir Launfal," sings:

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly about it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

Verily the poet is a high priest of nature and the supernatural—to him the earth is vocal with heavenly voices, and filled with celestial music.

> To him who in love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms
> She speaks a various language.

Yes, God speaks, but only the righteous can understand.

> Earth's crammed with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God,
> But only he who sees takes off his shoes.

And only the obedient and God-fearing can see.

The mission of nature, with its marvelous surprises and beauties, is to lead men up to God. The people in the plains of Shinar long ago strove to build a mighty tower, from whose summit they imagined they might step into the royal chambers of the Almighty, but in confusion they failed. Those, however, who seek God by the granite staircases and snowy battlements of his lofty works will triumphantly succeed. As Alexander Pope so well says it, there is no private road, "but man looks through nature up to nature's God." It is the Bard of Avon who sings,

> And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks;
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

In quest of "sermons in stones and good in everything," I made my way to the wonders of the Colorado River in Arizona. Here is a monstrous chasm, called the Titan of Canyons, two hundred

miles long and a dozen miles in width, having been worn to a depth of six thousand feet by the tumultuous Colorado River. One Sunday morning in July I awakened in my room in the hotel and, looking out of my window, not two hundred feet from the rim of the Canyon, found the mighty chasm filled with a flood of purple light. In the western horizon there were delicate tints of white, blue, and red. In a few moments the edge of the sun appeared above the eastern horizon, and the yellow limestone rock which forms the upper stratum caught the first rays and glistened like a golden crown. In a similar manner the mountain peaks rising from the midst of the chasm were coronated with royal diadems. The purple flood dissolved into changing hues and sank into the depths and disappeared. Nearly all of one restful Sunday I sat upon the edge of this mighty chasm and worshiped the God who made it. All day long the colors and shadows changed with every hour. At sunset the red sandstone was warmed into a richer glow, and the faces of the limestone precipices seemed like silken draperies with a sheen of changing tints. The lengthening twilight afforded opportunity for the moon to roll its chariot of mellow light into the scene; and its silvery beams crept timidly into the thickening shadows below, coquetting with the specters of the deep granite grottoes. Meanwhile the mighty river, apparently unconscious of its fame as the earth's most masterful sculptor, rushed in tu-

multuous torrents toward the sea, contributing rich baritones to the vesper hymn of the chasm. Romanesque and Gothic cathedrals lift their swelling domes and lofty spires and widen in octagonal symmetry into many quiet cloisters and chapels. Here also are pyramids of grace and terraces of beauty. Everywhere are shrines and altars. In the sides of the tall precipitous rocks is here and there a well-formed baldachino with pulpit and chancel. Resting on the rim of the canyon is a colossal dome of turquoise—a delicate and cloudless sky.

I also went to the Yosemite Valley. To me the Yosemite Valley also was a majestic cathedral of colossal proportions. I suppose to the painter, with the porcelain skies and green meadows, prismatic waterfalls and lofty crags, crowned with golden sunsets, the Yosemite is an exhaustless artistic study. To the musician the splashing of the waters, the murmuring of the pines, and the soughing of the winds fill the valley with orchestral and Æolian harps. To the sculptor and builder these precipitous walls and beetling cliffs, these weird profiles and eternal foundations, rival the carving and architectural magnificence of man's genius. But to me, all of these marvels shaped themselves into a *minster* grand. Here are domes and minarets, aisles and nave, transepts and twin spires, royal arches and polished columns. The sides of El Capitán were to me like rich tapestries embroidered with artistic designs

of bewitching beauty. The waterfalls, with their rainbow splendors, were the altar-pieces; the sloping meadows the sacred chancel; the cataracts and zephyrs the birds and the echoes, and now and again the deep diapasons of the rumbling winds were the great organ accompaniment to the doxologies and hallelujahs which arose in tumultuous anthems from grateful hearts; and over all the blue vault of heaven, whose bending dome was resting upon lofty mountain peaks.

If there is any place in all the outside world where the devout worshiper may feel the majestic God come down to earth, it is as he falls down to pray at the shrines of El Capitán or Half-Dome. Not only, as perhaps never before, is the visitor impressed with the majesty and grandeur of his Creator, but with humble gratitude he remembers that this mighty God is also his Father and Saviour. The God who hollows out the valleys, and chisels the mountains, and sustains the heavens, who upholds all things by the word of his power, this God is our God, forever and ever.

Whether in the canyon, or in the Yosemite, it is all a vast temple, a minster grand for the worship of the Most High God, and all the voices are chanting an anthem in whose familiar lines we gladly join, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty." As Daniel Vedder says:

> Talk not of temples; there is one
> Built without hands to mankind given;

Its lamps are the meridian sun
And all the stars of heaven;
Its walls are the cerulean sky,
Its floor the earth so green and fair;
The dome its vast immensity;
All nature worships there.

The manifold works of nature indicate the profound wisdom of our God. The late celebrated scientist, Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California, used to rebuke the materialistic tendency of men to eliminate the necessity of a Creator so soon as science revealed the methods of creation. He said, "So long as we knew not how worlds were made, we, of course, concluded they must have been created; but so soon as science showed how probably it was done, immediately we flippantly say it was not made at all—it became so of itself." He was a wise old man. Remember, as Job declares, "God hangeth the earth upon nothing." Self-sufficiency does not come with complexity. The steam engine just as certainly needs a superintending genius as the wheelbarrow; in truth, the higher the grade of mechanism the larger amount of care is necessary.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Man is the only fool in the universe. "Knowledge is knowing we cannot know." The really cultured man grows more humble and less egotistical. The bombastic unbeliever blowing his blatant blasphemies is the most pitiable caricature in the world. A bantam rooster strutting about the barnyard in the bright morning, crowing out,

"There is no sun," is a good crest for this swaggering egotist.

> Go, wondrous creature, mount where science guides,
> Go measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides,
> Instruct the planets in what course to run,
> Correct old time and regulate the sun;
> Go with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
> To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
> Or tread the mazy round his followers trode,
> And quitting sense, call imitating God.
> Go teach eternal wisdom how to rule,
> Then drop into thyself and be a fool!

To Tyndall the great Tennyson said: "No evolutionist is able to explain the mind of man, or how any possible physiological change of tissue can produce conscious thought." Nor can anyone explain the marvelous mystery of human speech. An old German in Pennsylvania met an infidel who was to speak in the schoolhouse in the evening. "Is you der man vot is to schpeak dis evening?" "Yes, sir, I am." "Vell, vot you schpeak about?" "My subject, sir, is this: 'Resolved, That I will never believe anything I do not understand.' " "O my! Is dot it? Vell, now, you shoost take von little example: There you see that field, my pasture, over there? Now, my horse he eat de grass, and it come up hair all over his back. Then my sheep he eats grass, and it grows up wool all over him. And, now, vot you tink! My goose he eats de grass too, and it comes up all over him feathers. You understand dot? Heigh?" A belief in the supernatural is inborn. We are coming to the

farther edge of a zone of materialism through which we have been passing now for a dozen years.

Scientific men, like the late William James, are writing to-day about the new birth, immortality, and design in history. The pendulum swings away from crass materialism. What was declared to be only thunder is found to be the voice of God. Recently Dr. William Hanna Thomson, of the Roosevelt Hospital, New York city, the most distinguished living medical psychologist, declared that there is at least "one supernatural fact that is satisfactorily established"—that is man. Man has a mechanism from necessity, but his real self is something above the mechanism. The bee has instinct, but man's power is above instinct, and improves: man "creates mechanism"—masters nature. Niagara Falls runs all western New York. Man utilizes it. Man is God's strongest argument. Only man can see. Man can see because he has Godlike qualities to see and understand.

The most interesting discovery for a long time has just been made at Pompeii. Workmen who were digging for the foundation of a new building outside the area of the buried city found the body of a woman which had been petrified. Both hands were full of jewels. Evidently, the woman had fled from the eruption that overwhelmed Pompeii, carrying her valuables, and was buried in the downpour. The jewels are excellently preserved, they having been protected from the ashes and

lava by the body. They consist of bracelets, necklaces, rings, amulets studded with gems, and a pair of earrings. They may be the most valuable specimens of ancient jewelry ever discovered. It is not hard to believe that the disembodied spirit will last longer than the petrified body and these exquisite jewels. Man instinctively believes it. He sees and takes off his shoes.

The place on which we stand, if we are in the path of duty, is holy ground. God calls men in most unexpected places: Franklin from printing office; Elihu Burritt from blacksmith shop: David from shepherd's field; Gideon from threshing floor; and Shamgar with his ox-goad. The path of duty is a trail alongside of Jehovah's royal highway. God passes near every man who is doing his duty. God never used a man who despises duty. "Duty" is the noblest, most stalwart word in the language. The irksome task of to-day may bring the crown to-morrow. No work is belittling if God sets us to it.

To be able to do many little things well is the test of greatness. God is working out the regeneration of the race by human instrumentality. Moses could not see the providence of that Midian mountain experience of forty years, but God directed. John Brown's body mouldering in the grave did more to advance the cause of freedom than could the erratic actions of the living John Brown. Let each man fearlessly dedicate his honest convictions to God, and fight for them.

God must have great men to make small beginnings. God builds men great by training them in doing small things well. If a man will be one of God's apprentices, God will make him a master-workman.

God is a worker; he cannot tolerate the idle man.

Alexander, when asked how he conquered the world, answered, "By not delaying." William Cowper said,

> An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
> As useless if it goes and if it stands.

And Carlyle: "There is one monster in all the world—the idle man." At Saint Helena Napoleon said: "Ah, old Blucher was worth a fine candle; without him I don't know where his Grace the Duke would be now; but, at all events, I would not be here." But "old Blucher" was there—he was God's man—and Waterloo won. Napoleon was not in the path of duty—was not God's man—and Waterloo was lost.

> Rugged strength and radiant beauty,
> They were one in nature's plan,
> Humble toil and heavenward duty,
> These will form the perfect man.

Ours may be a place of adversity, of arrest of plans, of mystery, apparently of self-effacement, but we are not merely "marking time" if we have left ourselves in His hands.

"Do you remember the story of the portrait of

Dante which is painted on the walls of the Bargello at Florence?" asks Dr. Henry van Dyke. For many years it was supposed that the picture had utterly perished. Men had heard of it, but no one living had ever seen it. But presently came an artist who was determined to find it again. He went into the place where tradition said that it had been painted. The room was used as a storeroom for lumber and straw. The walls were covered with dirty whitewash. He had the heaps of rubbish carried away, and patiently and carefully removed the whitewash from the wall. Lines and colors long hidden began to appear, and at last the grave, lofty, noble face of the great poet looked out again upon the world of light.

Nothing is lost! The drop of rain
Which falls in silence to the ground
Abideth still; its life is found
Transfigured in the golden grain.

Nothing is lost! The falling tear,
The word of comfort, lightly given,
Shall still abide in yonder heaven,
When earth's rich fruitage shall appear.

To those who unfalteringly trust God a pit is a prophecy of a pinnacle. Adversity will develop divinity.

It is told that a distinguished musician ordered a manufacturer of violins to make for him the best instrument possible. He told him to use the best material, take all the time wished, and use all his skill in its construction. At last the artificer sent

for the musician to come and try the violin. As the musician drew the bow across the instrument his face became clouded. Lifting the instrument, he smashed it to pieces on the counter, handed the price to the manufacturer, and left the shop. The manufacturer was not satisfied with mere pay, his reputation was at stake. He gathered the fragments of the violin and put them together. After he had remade the violin out of the pieces he again sent for the musician. This time the frown was not seen; as he drew the bow across the strings he told the manufacturer that he had succeeded at last in making just the kind of instrument that he desired. "What is the price?" inquired the musician. "Nothing at all," replied the manufacturer. "It is the same instrument that you smashed to pieces some time ago; I put it together and out of the fragments this perfect music has been made."

I don't know why it is, but it would seem that our hearts must be broken before we can reach divinity. God is speaking to-day. Have faith in God.

Dr. John G. Paton was born on a farm near Dumfries, in Scotland, in 1824. While engaged in religious work in Glasgow the call to offer himself for service in the New Hebrides, among the cannibals, came to him. His people tried to dissuade him. One friend said: "The cannibals! You will be eaten by cannibals!" Paton replied: "Mr. Dickson, you are advanced in years, and

your own prospect is soon to be laid in the grave, where you will be eaten by worms. I had as soon be eaten by cannibals as by worms."

When Bishop William Taylor left California to go around the world a timid man said, "Good-by, Brother Taylor; I never expect to see you again." "That depends upon whether you are here when I get back," said the stalwart man who trusted God. Moses obeyed and became the greatest human product of all the ages. Obedience is achievement. Achievement is character. Character is immortality.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day."

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side of Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

XVI
GETTING ALONG WITH FOLKS

He helde about him alway, out of drede
A world of folke.

—*Canterbury Tales.*

Our ancestors are very good kind of folks, but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.—*R. B. Sheridan.*

"A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill!
Hark! don't you hear it roar now?
Lord, help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!"

—*William Pitt.*

CHAPTER XVI

GETTING ALONG WITH FOLKS

God must be very fond of folks, for he made so many of them. God has made towering mountains and spreading plains, fertile valleys and fruitful hillsides, radiant skies and billowy seas, but the most beautiful and entrancing things he has created are folks. You can trace the footprints of Jehovah among the rocks; you can hear his voice in the rolling thunder and in the call of the cricket; you can discern his power in the electric current and in the cataract as it blows its trumpets from the steep, but God has nowhere invested so much of himself as in folks. God has made provision for the cony and the crocodile, for the sparrow and for the bald eagle; he has piled up the snow mountains and crowned them with silver; he has unfurled the skies and set them with jewels, and he has fixed the habitations of the seas. He has located the suns and their satellites, and commanded the seasons and the equinoxes; but in nothing is he so tenderly concerned with loving, Fatherly care as in folks.

How to get along with folks is our theme. It is the same as asking, "How can we get along with the world?" for our true world is a world of folks. It is the same as discussing how to make

a life, for if we cannot get on with folks, we are out of sympathy with existence.

Paul says, "As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." That is, if it is not possible, let the reason lie with the other person and not with ourselves. This places the great responsibility of getting along with folks upon ourselves, and yet contains the comforting intimation that there are some angular creatures with whom it may be utterly impossible to live peaceably. These exceptions, however, only prove the rule that it is possible to live peaceably with all mankind. Many a man makes utter failure of life because he has not learned that a successful and fruitful life depends largely upon the skill which he develops of getting along with people. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" lies at the very foundation of helpful economic conditions and of superb personal character.

If a man would get along with folks, he must first learn how to get along with his God. No man will fervently say "My brother" until he has first tenderly said "My Father." There is so much selfishness and greed in the unregenerated human heart that all of this must be eliminated by a miracle of divine grace before we will have room in our hearts for the purest devotion to our fellows. If a man has not made room for God in his heart, his fellow men will find themselves in a tight place in such a heart. When a man strives to love God with all his soul and mind and

strength he will build up in himself the Christian disposition, which is described as follows: "But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

If a man would get along with folks, he must learn also to get along with himself. A right view of ourselves helps us to be more considerate of other people. We have no right to expect more of others than we are demanding of ourselves.

> O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursel's as others see us!
> It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
> And foolish notion.

The trouble with the world's misanthropes is that they are not getting along with themselves; they have not mastered themselves. The man who cannot master his appetites and his emotions and his selfish inclinations, his peevishness and irascibility ought to be very charitable to others. The most egotistical man I know is always criticizing other people for their conceit. A man who drinks and profanes and desecrates the holy ideals is not getting along with himself—and he is sure to antagonize folks. He will not be able to get along with law-abiding and order-loving people. The beginning of all law and order is in our own heart. The complexion and tone of the world outside will depend on the tone and color of a

man inside. If a man wears yellow glasses, all men will have sallow faces to him; Royal Worcester will look like Yellow-Ware. Men bore such a man because they are talking when he wants to be talking himself. If a man has not bridled his own tongue, he will soon set everybody talking about him. Men often rush into dissipation and frivolity just to get away from themselves. God pity the man who does not enjoy a few hours with himself. A man who loses his own self-respect cannot expect others to respect him; and he will become bitter and complaining, and not be able to get along with folks. If a man would have a just estimate of folks, he must first be able to take a true inventory of himself. He should stand on the street corner some day and watch himself go by.

If we would get along with folks, we must cultivate the fine grace of tact. Tact is the fine art of living. It is applied Christianity. Tact is an invaluable asset in spreading Christianity. Paul was an expert in this Christian grace. He said, "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." You will observe he did not mean that he would sacrifice any high principle, for that would make it impossible for him to save anybody; but he meant that he would find some means of approach to every man, some common ground of mutual interest and agreement. He would study each man's individuality or idiosyncrasy, in order that he might be able to in-

fluence him. Christian tact is the fine skill of influencing people for good without antagonizing them. We cannot persuade men unless we can agree on some important things. Tact is finding out the psychological moment for speaking to people. The right thing said at the wrong time has defeated many an honest intention. Tact is the fine sense of avoiding giving offense and at the same time gaining some exalted purpose.

Obsequious flattery is not tact. The unctuous, oily compliment is not tact. Some people are always saying complimentary things and making their friends feel comfortable; and that is to be commended; but tact studies diplomacy, that we may "by all means save some."

Tact clinches the bargain,
Sails out of the bay,
Gets the vote in the Senate
Spite of Webster or Clay.

Is it possible for us to avoid making enemies? Jesus Christ himself said, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." There are evidently two kinds of enemies which men may make. Some enemies are the result of ill and undeserved treatment. Neglect, gossip, dishonesty will make men enemies. It is certainly possible to avoid abusing men and thus making them our enemies, and that man deserves to be put in a pillory who savagely assails the character or integrity of his fellow men. Sometimes this is done by cowardly innuendo and sometimes in open combat. But

there are people who become our enemies because we are endeavoring to do right and are valiantly defending our convictions. A good supply of tact will reduce the number of these enemies, but if we assail wrongdoing and earnestly endeavor to enthrone the right we will be bitterly criticized, and perhaps maligned.

Jesus made many cruel enemies. He came to establish a new order and to tear down the wicked systems of designing men. Some people are so unreasonable that they will be our enemies in spite of everything which we may do. If our attitude as Christian workers is such that liquor dealers, libertines, atheists, spiritualists, tainted theaters, greedy grafters, Sabbath desecrators, white-slavers, gamblers, child-slavers, tipplers, drunkards, harlots, murderers, saloon keepers, brewers, whisky-grocers, liars, and hypocrites all speak well of us, the Lord have mercy upon us! Christ has spoken a "Woe" against us if our labor for him is so selfish, spineless, and invertebrate, so emasculated and aimless that no one is aroused into antagonism.

John Wesley asked of his preachers: "Has anybody been converted?" "No." "Has anybody been convicted of sin?" "No." "Did you make anybody mad?" "No." "Well, then," he would say to them, "you need not go out to preach again." Savonarola had his Borgia, John Knox his Bloody Mary, and Abraham Lincoln his Wilkes Booth. "The man who makes a character makes foes";

he will have what Rossetti calls "my most intimate enemies." If we have made people our enemies because of our ill treatment of them, it is the mark of highest courtesy and Christianity for us to make every apology and reparation in our power, and seek for reconciliation. If people are our willful enemies because they despise and denounce our high ideals of honor and truth, then we should patiently follow our Lord's Bible injunction, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." Kindness will transform many a deadly enemy into a goodly friend. "He makes no friend who never made a foe" was one of Tennyson's finest lines. He often inscribed it in albums when asked for his autograph.

If we would get along with folks, we must highly value our friends. A man who ruthlessly neglects and slights his friends will not be able to make new friends. There are many reasons why people lose their friends. A man is just as many times more a man as he can number his faithful friends.

> Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried
> Bind them to thyself with hoops of steel.

A man without friends becomes acrid, fault-finding, hypercritical, caustic, discordant, lop-sided, out-of-joint, pessimistic, and, of course, cannot get along with folks.

The pessimist cannot get along with folks. He is always looking for imperfections and camping in the damp shadows. Everything is going to the bad, and men and things are getting worse and worse.

Let us give our fellows praise instead of blame; taffy instead of epitaphy; compliments instead of criticism; honey instead of tar. "All the world loves a lover." And the world will love a man who loves mankind. The man who loves the people will be ardently loved by the people.

Note the contrast between Abraham Lincoln and Napoleon: Napoleon used to say, "Success is everything; men are nothing." He declared, "If you would have an omelette, you must break a few eggs." And so he did not hesitate to sacrifice men in any number to fulfill his inordinate ambition. Napoleon changed the beautiful motto of France, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," into "Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery." Lincoln invested a new meaning in the hallowed word "freedom." Napoleon improvidently and cruelly expended life. Lincoln carefully labored to save life. Napoleon saved his own life, and thereby lost it. Lincoln freely surrendered his life, and thereby saved it. In modern history there is no chapter more cruel and tragic than that which recounts how Napoleon put away his beautiful and faithful wife, Josephine, and married Marie Louise of Austria. For sordid, selfish, and political reasons he divorced Josephine, whom he loved, and took Marie Louise, who in the hour of his humiliation deserted him. The

law of history could not endure actions so barbaric and inhuman, and Napoleon's imperial destiny ended in humiliating defeat and withering exile. The world would not tolerate so ignoble a brute, and, incarcerated like a vicious Bengal tiger, he was caged in the stone prison of Saint Helena.

With all this savage inhumanity contrast the sublime, folk-loving, self-sacrificing spirit of the immortal Lincoln. Like his Lord, he was touched with a feeling of the world's infirmities. He sought to soothe the sorrows of men and helped them to carry their burdens. He plodded through twenty-five years of poverty to a vantage spot where in his voice and spirit a struggling humanity found a seer and saviour. He fervently loved the people, and by them was fervently loved in return. A grateful people have enshrined Abraham Lincoln in an immortality which will wax brighter and more enduring with the flight of years. Character is the fine art of giving up.

If any man will love the people and unselfishly minister to their highest ideals and their most sacred necessities, he will have no trouble getting along with folks.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by;
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

XVII
"MASTER, SAY ON"

One truth discovered is immortal and entitles its author to be so; for, like a new substance in nature, it cannot be destroyed.—*Hazlitt.*

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

Jesus will never be outgrown.—*Napoleon.*

Jesus the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.—*Paul.*

CHAPTER XVII

"MASTER, SAY ON"

ARISTOPHANES, the Greek poet, in one of his fancies makes an Athenian to say that upon returning to his home, "My daughter shall grasp me, anoint my two feet, and, stooping down, kiss them." It was a gracious courtesy among the ancient Orientals always extended to guests that the sandals should be removed after a long journey and that their feet should be bathed for refreshment. This was usually done by the servants.

Twice during Christ's ministry women came with alabaster boxes of ointment and washed the tired feet of our Lord, the last time as he was the honored guest in Simon's luxurious home in Bethany during the week of his passion, when the sister of Lazarus performed this exquisite service, and again in the early part of his ministry, when he was being feasted in the home of a Pharisee, whose name also was Simon. On this occasion a repentant woman, who is sometimes identified as Mary Magdalene, came with sweet perfume, and, having washed the feet of our Lord with her tears of gratitude for his merciful pardon to her, she wiped them with her luxuriant hair, and then anointed his feet with the fragrant spikenard.

The host, with his unyielding Pharisaism,

promptly criticized his honored guest for allowing a woman who was a sinner to touch him, for, according to the ideals of this stiff ecclesiast, she would be ritually unclean. Jesus seized upon this picturesque incident and the harsh attitude of his genial but critical host to impart an important lesson; and, addressing him, said, "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee." And Simon politely replied, "Master, say on." Then Jesus, with tender rebuke, laid before this straitlaced son of Judaism in brief the whole philosophy of salvation. The application of the parable came to this intelligent Pharisee with gentle but tremendous force. If a certain creditor had two debtors, and one debtor owed him five hundred pence and another fifty, and he "frankly forgave" them both, which of these men will love his kind creditor the more? With good judgment, Simon answered that the larger debtor would be the more grateful. Now, Jesus, with delicate discrimination, not trespassing upon the proprieties of his position as a guest, makes a comparison between his host and the woman, who as an expression of thanksgiving for what her Lord had done for her in the pardon of her multitudinous sins, had poured the rich ointment on his feet. Turning to the woman as she continued to kneel at his feet, still holding the empty alabaster box in her hand, and wounded by the stern words of an unsympathetic critic, and yet gazing upon Jesus with tearful gratitude out of the wonder of her dark, lustrous eyes,

Jesus said to Simon: "Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore, I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven. And they that sat at meat with him began to say within themselves, Who is this that forgiveth sins also? And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." As the happy Magdalene withdrew, the soul of sensitive Simon was filled with wonder, and perhaps also with true repentance. O Master, reveal to us some of the splendors of thy truth and the divine glory of thy heart of love! "Master, say on!"

At one time the chief priests and Pharisees arranged with the authorities to send officers to arrest Jesus for his alleged seditious utterances. Like detectives, armed with the authority of the law, these officers went about their task. They came upon Jesus on that last great day of the feast, when he stood up among the crowds that were thronging Jerusalem for the passover celebration, and, with a voice clear as the bells of heaven, and with a face which was radiant with holy light, and with

a magnetism which drew men and women and children to his heart of love, he called out, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." The dutiful officers listened to these mystic words; they beheld his glowing personality, and, acquainted with the criminal class as they very well were, they could find no reason for laying hands upon him. When they saw the children at his feet, and their mothers in the shelter of his presence, and strong men charmed and tractable under the gentle but strong and manly words of this supposed malefactor, they returned to their superiors; and when they asked why they had not brought him, the officers replied, "Never man spake like this man." O thou matchless Master, thou who only hast the words of eternal life, "say on"!

Will the world ever outgrow Jesus? His enemies reluctantly confessed to each other on that first Palm Sunday, "Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? behold, the world is gone after him." Pilate, in pitiful weakness, cries at the trial, "What shall I do with Jesus which is called the Christ?" O vacillating and cowardly Pilate, it does not make any difference what you do with him! You may scourge him, deride him, spit upon him, drive cruel nails through his hands, and plunge a thirsty spear into his holy side, but you cannot crucify truth; you cannot annihilate Christ; you cannot obliterate the love of the human heart for him; for, three days hence, a

sealed tomb will burst its bars, and a risen Lord will come forth in garments of celestial light; and the multitude will again hurry to his wounded side and kiss his torn hands and anoint his scarred brow; and they will cry out once more, "Master, say on!"

Two generations ago a Christian boy went to hear Theodore Parker preach; and when the thundering philippics fell from the preacher's vindictive lips, and fearful blows were struck by his fierce fist mailed with destructive unbelief and criticism, the boy hurried to his home, and, burying his face in his mother's apron, he sobbed, "Mother, Christianity is dead! It is dead!" His mother with tender words and brightening faith reassured her frightened child; and a generation later that boy was preaching the gospel of free salvation to teeming multitudes. O "Master, say on!"

If there were no other active force to keep Jesus alive except his humble followers his enemies would not let the world forget him. Their bitter and malevolent assaults upon Jesus are turning the inquiring and sincere heart of humanity toward him. He is daily vindicated by his enemies. "Truly this man was the Son of God" was the testimony of the centurion who witnessed his death; and it is as true now as when recorded in Deuteronomy, "Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

The world will not outgrow Jesus, because he came with a world-wide ministry. His ministry is not provincial or racial or national or insular. The seas are his highways, the islands his stepping-stones, the continents his conquests, and the whole world his parish. No single throne is mighty enough for his power, and no language a sufficient conveyance for his truth. His Pentecostal message is in all tongues and his holy shrines are under all skies.

Truth will never be outgrown. Christ is truth. Truth is vital, eternal, pervasive. So is Christ. "We cannot do anything against the truth, but for the truth." All things work together for truth—it cannot be worn out or overthrown or antiquated. The frontiers of truth steadily press forward into the dark domain of error. Truth's pioneers are crossing the plains, and reaching the crest of the Rockies, and descending to the distant paradises of more truth. Christ as truth moved triumphantly onward from the banks of the Jordan to the Tiber; and later to the Bosporus and the Elbe; thence to the Thames and the Hudson; and on to the broad valley of the Mississippi and to the tumultuous Columbia; and, nothing daunted, it leaps the mightiest sea and establishes itself in permanent and transcendent glory on the banks of the Nile, the Congo, the Volga, the Yangtze, and the Ganges.

Christ moves with the stride of peaceful conquest. When the bloody Turks were plunging

their thirsty swords into the heaving bosoms of the helpless Armenian women the dying sufferers would trustfully murmur, "Jesus Christ!" And those murderous invaders retired from their frenzied assaults asking, "Who is Jesus Christ?" Yes, the world is asking, "Who is Jesus of Nazareth?" and the world will never tire of him; and some day every knee shall bow and every tongue will confess him. "Master, say on!"

The world will not outgrow Jesus, because he completely fulfills in his life and truth all the loftiest ideals for which there is an intuitive reach in the unfolding human heart. The world does not tire of perfection. The poems of Homer, the wisdom of Plato, the demonstrations of Euclid, the torso of Hercules, the Venus of Milo, the Apollo of the Belvedere, the "Last Supper" of Leonardo, the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, the "Last Judgment" of Angelo will never tire the world's admiration. The beauty of a babe, the blush of the flower, the glow of the sunbeam, the note of the bird, the embroidery of the sea, the hues of the sunset, the exquisite modesty of woman and the tender loveliness of her face will never be outgrown by a developing world, nor wearied of by advancing nations. So of Christ. Though impoverished, imprisoned, despised, and murdered, yet he was gentle, brave, forgiving, and patient; and in the throes of his agony prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." "Master, say on!"

Jesus Christ is not a symbol, or a metaphor, or a filmy ideal which is slowly fading out of the thinking and faith of the world; he is a substantial personality, wielding an influence and power, a contemporary of each advancing age and a companion of each devout follower. He said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." "Master, say on!"

The world will not outgrow him, because it will not outgrow childhood, and Jesus sanctified childhood in Bethlehem's manger. The world will not outgrow him, because it will not outgrow manhood, and Jesus ennobled manhood by his perfect manliness in Galilee and Judæa. The world will not outgrow him, because it will not outgrow womanhood, for every woman who makes the mysterious journey through the sublime miracle and exquisite ecstasy of motherhood solemnly and gratefully remembers that Jesus Christ, her Lord and Redeemer, was throbbed into being under a woman's heart. It was this same Jesus who said, "Let her alone," referring to a timid ministering woman; and "Suffer the little children to come unto me" to anxious mothers and their little ones. "Master, say on!"

The world will never outgrow Jesus, because he lightens the burdens of men. He helps Lazarus with his sores, Nicodemus with his questions, Thomas with his doubts, and Peter with his fickleness. He assuages the grief, heals the wounds, and defeats the adversities of a struggling

humanity. He had compassion on the multitude, and said to his disciples, "Give ye them to eat"; and to the weary toilers, returning from the heavy tasks of the day, he gave the sympathetic invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Master, say on!"

He treated men as individuals and not as herds, and was as kindly to the peasant as to the prince. He dignified labor by working himself at the trade of a carpenter in Nazareth. He said to the man with the withered hand, "Stretch forth thine hand." He said, "Go work to-day in my vineyard," for "the night cometh, when no man can work." Porcelain was first made by the Chinese and was given its name by the early Portuguese navigators. When they reached the Far East and saw the delicate semitransparent articles they called them *porcellana*, which means "sea-shell." The Chinese god of porcelain is made of this material. Tradition tells of a certain workman who once received an order from the emperor to produce some porcelain vases of superfine quality. After several unsatisfactory attempts the workman lost heart, and in tragic desperation he leaped into the furnace and was consumed. The vases which were taken out of the furnace in which the disappointed workman had immolated himself were found to surpass all other products of the kiln, and were sent to the emperor, who was so pleased with their surpassing beauty and

exquisite quality that he deified the man, who had sacrificed himself, as the "god of porcelain." So Jesus taught his followers to throw themselves with happy abandon into their work, and to do with their might what their hands find to do. O Master, Fisherman in Galilee, and Carpenter in Nazareth, "say on"!

The world will not outgrow Jesus, because it will not outgrow sorrow and adversity, and Jesus was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." As the dark night came on after the first day of the earthquake and fire in San Francisco a company of homeless people gathered around a piano which had been rescued from the debris, and sang with clinging and tearful confidence,

> "Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
> Lead thou me on!
> The night is dark, and I am far from home."

Then, as their courage was revived, they joined in singing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and

> "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee."

And Jesus comes to an imperiled and buffeted world to-day just as he came to his disciples on raging Galilee, and says, "Peace, be still," and just as he broke the stillness and apprehension of the upper room with "Peace be unto you," and, yet again, as he ministered true consolation to his awe-stricken disciples as they saw portentous shadows of our Lord's passion, saying, "Let not

your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." O Master of men, O Pilot of Galilee, "say on"!

The world will not outgrow Jesus, because it will not outgrow life, and Jesus said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Christ is the miracle of love which solves the mystery of life. He says, "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock." To build on the Rock is life. "Master, say on!"

The world will not outgrow Christ, because until the final triumph it will not outgrow sin. "Thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins." John the Baptist said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Jesus Christ is the sinner's Friend. He said to the repentant Magdalene, "Go and sin no more." He said to the dying thief, "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise." He forgave Thomas for his doubts, and Peter for his cowardice, and Zacchæus for his avarice; and said, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." He descended into the impenetrable gloom of Gethsemane and climbed the rough trails of Golgotha, and submitted to ignominy and death, that he might

be able to cry out in victorious triumph, "It is finished." And as he passed up the glistening highway of the blue skies he commissioned his bewildered disciples to go into all the world with the gospel of light, assuring them, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." O risen and ascended and ruling "Master, say on"!

The world will not outgrow Jesus, because it will not outgrow death; and Jesus is the only solution of the fathomless problem of death. Jesus said, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Since Jesus broke the bars of the grave on that first Easter morning death is not despair, but hope; not tragedy, but triumph; not a sob, but a song; not the end, but the beginning; not the twilight, but the dawn.

Death is the graduation of the soul; it is the commencement of life; it is the gateway to glory; it is the Glistening Portal to fadeless immortality. "Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Jesus came to "bring life and immortality to light through the gospel." He says, "I go to prepare a place for you." "Because I live ye shall live also." "I will come again and receive you unto myself." O "Master, say on!"

The blind man validated Jesus. Whether the life, and sufferings, and power of Jesus shall be

validated to-day depends upon us—upon us who have been the recipients of his love and works. O validate Christianity! Confirm it! Reenforce it—by your character!

The late Admiral Robley Evans, who commanded the Iowa in the battle of Santiago, once attended divine service at old Trinity Church, New York, and was ushered into the pew of a wealthy man. The pew-holder, coming in later, and seeing a stranger, and not knowing him, took a card from his pocket and wrote on it: "I pay one thousand dollars a year for this pew." The Admiral read it, and, taking out one of his own visiting cards, wrote upon it, "You pay too much," and handed it to the inhospitable New Yorker. Yes, and it cost Trinity Church too much to tolerate that stingy old curmudgeon.

It is well to have sermons in pulpits, and sermons in books, and sermons in stones, and sermons in pictures, and sermons in seas, skies, and flowers, but, as my dear old friend Dr. Cuyler used to say, it is "sermons in shoes" that a busy, jostling world needs.

A brilliant Japanese statesman once visited England to become acquainted with Mr. Gladstone. He was wondrously charmed with the Grand Old Man's majestic personality; and when he inquired what was the motive force in Gladstone's life, and he was told that it was his faith in Christ, he replied, "Then, I will be a Christian too."

Will Jesus ever be outgrown? Yes! When the stars outshine the sun; when the rivers no longer to the ocean run; when the everlasting verities fail, and when the pillars of the universe crumble, and when the bounds of eternity are reached; when the hands move backward upon the clock's dial; when the spring does not follow the winter, nor the autumn the summer; when fruits will not ripen, and flowers will not bloom, and birds will not sing, and bees will not hum; when beauty will not brighten, or light dispel the gloom; when mothers hate their babies and all love is turned to stone; when there shall be a Creatorless creation and a causeless causation; then, and not until then, will the world outgrow Jesus, and the heart of humanity tire of Christ. No, so long as man is man and God is God and heaven is in the intuitive and universal longing of the soul of a lonesome and waiting humanity, the world will not tire of Jesus.

O "Master, say on!" Evermore here and hereafter, "say on!" "say on!" "say on!"